THE

WORKS

1315

OF

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY

MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

INCLUDING

HER CORRESPONDENCE, POEMS, AND ESSAYS.

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VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

LETTERS

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I. TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR, AT PARIS;

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LETTERS

DURING 1315

MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

I AM now preparing to leave Constantinople, and perhaps you will accuse me of hypocrisy when I tell you 'tis with regret; but as I am used to the air, and have learnt the language, I am easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniences attending so great a journey with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However I endeavour upon this occasion to do as I have hitherto done

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S

in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *ferigée* and *asmáck*, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it.

I know you will expect that this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what purpose should I tell you that Constantinople is the ancient Byzantium? that 'tis at present the conquest of a race of people, supposed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by Justinian? &c. I'll assure you 'tis not for want of learning that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with very little trouble, turn over Knolles and sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a list of Turkish emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this

country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as, for instance, in the admirable Mr. Hill[1], who so gravely asserts, that he saw in Sancta Sophia a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian catacombs; for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here.

'Tis also very pleasant to observe how

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[1] Aaron Hill travelled to Constantinople at the age of fifteen, and was received with kindness by his relative lord Paget, at that time our embassador to the Porte. He returned to England in 1703 in the suite, and soon afterward published his "Account of Turkey," in folio, a very crude and juvenile performance. He lived, however, to write Zara and Merope, tragedies; which still keep their place on the English stage.

tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps more free than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure exempt from cares; their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money, and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of economy from his wife, whose expences are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers to spend it: and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell. And, as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer, yet I'll assure you his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs,

and a very handsome set of jewels for her head. 'Tis true they have no places but the bagnios, and these can only be seen by their own sex; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was three days ago at one of the finest in the town, and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremony used on that occasion, which made me recollect the epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus; and it seems to me, that the same customs have continued ever since. All the she-friends, relations, and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio; several others go out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day two hundred women. Those that were or had been married placed themselves round the rooms on the marble sofas; but the virgins very hastily threw off their clothes, and appeared without other ornament or covering than their

own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the procession, the rest following in pairs, to the number of thirty. The leaders sung an epithalamium, answered by the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched round the three largest rooms of the bagnio. 'Tis not easy to represent to you the beauty of this sight, most of them being well proportioned and white skinned; all of them perfectly smooth and polished by the frequent use of bathing. After having made their tour, the bride was again led to every

matron round the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present, some of jewels, others of pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she thanked them for, by kissing their hands.

I was very well pleased with having seen this ceremony; and, you may believe me, the Turkish ladies have at least as much wit and civility, nay liberty, as among us. 'Tis true the same customs that give them so many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any), also put it very fully in the power of their husbands to revenge themselves if they are discovered; and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago, there was found at day break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarse sheet, with two wounds of a knife, one

in her side, and another in her breast. She was not quite cold, and was so surprisingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera that did not go to look upon her; but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was supposed to have been brought in the dead of the night from the Constantinople side and laid there. Very little enquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse was privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the king's officers as with us. 'Tis the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person; and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do), there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government should make such tragedies veryfrequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people are not naturally cruel. Neither do I think in

many other particulars they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it; but I promise you it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish admiral, boarded, and taken. ——And now, how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her adventure? The same accident happened to her that happened to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a Christian to kill herself, as that heathenish Roman did. The admiral was so much charmed with the beauty and long-suffering of

the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haste to Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pounds sterling as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the rest of her days. Her infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, very fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely, that her liberty was not so precious to her as her honour; that he could no way restore that but by marrying her; and she therefore desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and

give her the satisfaction of knowing, that no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying, he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had reason to repent the choice she made. He left her some years after one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present captain pashá (*i. e.* admiral), his successor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, though I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is often found among the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them; and false witnesses are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom peculiar to their country, I mean *adoption*, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the grand-signior's treasury, when they are not likely to have any children of their own, they choose some pretty child of

either sex among the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the cadi, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents at the same time renounce all future claim to it; a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars that have refused to part with their children in this manner to some of the richest among the Greeks (so powerful is the instinctive affection that is natural to parents), though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these *children of their souls*, as they call them. I own this custom pleases me much better than our absurd one of following our name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich an infant whom I educate after my own manner, *brought up* (in the Turkish phrase) *upon my knees*, and who has learned to look upon me with a filial respect,

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

than to give an estate to a creature, without other merit or relation to me than that of a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.

Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the maps, or a relation of their ancient greatness, which you may read in the Roman history. They are now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in trade, and increasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests enjoin the strict keeping of their lents,

which are at least seven months in every year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity; no occasion whatever can excuse them, if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their constant diet. Mr. Wortley has one of his interpreters of this nation; and the poor fellow was brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet neither his master's commands, nor the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life), were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called a custom than an article of faith, I see very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true they seem to incline very much to Mr. Whiston's doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since 'tis certain the holy Spirit's pro-

ceeding *only* from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son. But the Armenians have no notion of transubstantiation, whatever account sir Paul Rycaut gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679); and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion.

What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony I believe unparallel'd all over the world. They are always promised very young; but the espoused never see one another till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom, Whether he is contented to marry that woman, *be she deaf, be she blind?* These are the literal words: to which having answered,

yes, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil is never lifted up, not even by her husband. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had enquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me, he had rather die than submit to this slavery, having already figured his bride to himself with all the deformities of nature.

I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story; yet 'tis as seriously true, as that I am,

Dear sister, yours, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBÉ ——.

Constantinople, May 19, O. S. 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of mankind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing. Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise nobody so much as myself.

Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness, or dulness, or both together, that can leave this place without giving you some

account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the vizier's, the *beglerbeys*', the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the seraglio, &c., things that 'tis very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; though other stories, God knows——I say no more——every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change, or some of them escape the observation of travellers, but 'tis not the same of the government; and, for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell you nothing of it.

In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers; and for mosques, I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear taking notice to you of a mistake of Gemelli (though I honour him in a much higher

degree than any other voyage writer): he says that there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a mistake: I was there yesterday, and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word[1]. I suppose this is an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying; for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal; and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, that all their pleasure-seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are

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[1] Cádykúy, or the Town of Judges, from the great Christian council held there.

near one another some hundreds of magnificent palaces.

Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than any-where else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed pashá not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus, in a few years, they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late grand-vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride, daughter of the present sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not, however, answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis

certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sashed with the finest crystalline glass brought from England; and here is all the expensive magnificence that you can suppose in a palace founded by a vain luxurious young man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments destined for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another; the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china. Adjoining to them are two rooms, the uppermost of which is divided into a sofa, and in the four corners are falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell, of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes, that throw up the

water as high as the roof. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and, on the outside of them, there are vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to those delightful chambers.

I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity); but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing that can be properly called front or wings; and though such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wainscotted with mother of pearl fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother of pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned

with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaster, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks, are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of statues. Thus, you see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true their magnificence is of a very different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life. They consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade other people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the

good of fame, the folly of praise, are hardly purchased, and, when obtained, a poor recompence for loss of time and health. We die or grow old before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short-liv'd weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid railleries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools.——But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration in saying, that I had rather be a rich *effendi* with all his ignorance, than sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, sir, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBÉ ——.

Tunis, July 31, O. S. 1718.

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month, and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, though I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might inpart some of the pleasure I found in this voyage through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

Warm'd with poetic transport I survey
Th' immortal islands, and the well-known sea.
For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung.

I beg your pardon for this sally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail we passed Gallipolis, a fair city, situated in the bay of Cherso-

nesus, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of Sestos and Abydos, now called the Dardanelli. These are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observed by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with:

> The swimming lover, and the nightly bride,
> How Hero lov'd, and how Leander died.

Verse again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks who besieged it in the reign of Orchanes.

The governor's daughter imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (though I don't find she had either slept upon bride-cake, or kept St. Agnes's fast), fancied she saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers; and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person, and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions, and withdrew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour; he destroyed the garrison, took the father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. Sestos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this strait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge

of boats of Xerxes. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprising a young lover should attempt to swim, or an ambitious king try to pass his army over it. But then 'tis so subject to storms, 'tis no wonder the lover perished, and the bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of mount Ida,

> Where Juno once caress'd her am'rous Jove,
> And the world's master lay subdu'd by love.

Not many leagues sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried; and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigæum, where we anchored. My curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb in honour of him, which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone, on which Mr. Wortley plainly distinguished the words of ΣΙΓΑΙΑΝ

ΠΟΛΙΝ. We ordered this on board the ship; but were shewed others much more curious by a Greek priest, though a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of this little church lie two large stones, about ten feet long each, five in breadth, and three in thickness. That on the right is a very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping, and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription; but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. Wortley's interpretation. I am very sorry not to have the original in my

possession, which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side; and, when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it[1].

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in short petticoats, fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock

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[1] The first-mentioned of these marbles is engraved in the Ionian Antiquities, published by the Dilettanti Society, and described by Dr. Chandler in his Tour in Asia Minor. The second bears the celebrated inscription so often referred to, in proof of the Βυςτροφηδὸν one of the most ancient forms of writing among the Greeks. For accurate accounts and engravings of these curiosities, see Chishul, Shuckforth, and Chandler, Inscript. Antiq. Knight on the Greek Alphabet, &c.

The Editor saw and examined them at Yenícheyr or Sigéum, in 1794.

sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders.—One of my countrymen, Mr. Sandys[1] (whose book I doubt not you have read, as one of the best of its kind), speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium; but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory the river Simois rolling from mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and is called Simores; it is joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream half

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[1] George Sandys, one of the most valuable travellers into the Levant, whose work had reached four editions in the reign of Charles the First.

choaked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus among the gods, as Homer tells us; and 'tis by that heavenly name the nymph Oenone invokes it in her epistle to Paris. The Trojan virgins[1] used to offer their first favours to it, by the name of Scamander, till the adventure which monsieur de la Fontaine has told so agreeably abolish'd that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood; for, I am firmly persuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some

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[1] For this curious story, monsieur Bayle may be consulted in his Dictionary, article "Scamander." It appears in the Letters of Oschines, vol. I. p. 125, 126, edit. Genev. 1607; also in Philostrates and Vigenerus.

pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. 'Tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigéum we saw that of Rhæteum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it; and I spent several hours here in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on mount Montesinos. We sailed next night to the shore, where 'tis

vulgarly reported Troy stood; and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shewed to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski Stamboul*[2], *i. e.* Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there), that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill, and of another in a

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[2] Alexandria Troas, which the early travellers have erroneously considered as the true site of ancient Troy. See Belon, ch. vi. 4to. 1588, Viaggi di Pietro Della Valle, 4to. 1650. Gibbon (Rom. Hist. vol. III. p. 10) remarks, that Wood, in his observations on the Troad, p. 140, 141, had confounded Ilium with Alexandria Troas, although sixteen miles distant from each other. In the Ionian Antiquities are some fine views of these ruins.

valley, several broken pillars, and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions:

1.

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM PRINCIPUM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE. TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VIII.

2.

DIVI. IULI. FLAMINI
C. ANTONIO. M. F.
VOLT. RUFO. FLAMIN.
DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
ET. COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDEM ET PRINCIP. ITEM
COL. IUL. PARIANAE TRIB.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.
TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VII.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place are the ruins of one

dedicated to Augustus; and I know not why Mr. Sandys calls it a Christian temple, since the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble, and vast pieces of granate, which are daily lessened by the prodigious balls that the Turks make from them for their cannon. We passed that evening the isle of Tenedos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in himself in the particulars of his estate when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well-peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of Tennes, from whom it was called; but naming Mytilene, where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning Lesbos, where Sappho sung, and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theophrastus, and Arion, those masters in poetry, philosophy, and music. This was one of the

last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Cantacuseni, &c. princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am. 'Twas with regret I saw us sail from this island into the Egean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving Sçio (the ancient Chios) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn, and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees, and the Arvisian mountain, still celebrated for the nectar that Virgil mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silks in all Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and shew their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families, though they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a pashá

here: however, they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

> And eat, and sing, and dance away their time,
> Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, though 'tis not long since they were imposed, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the grand-signior as the state of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek emperor. But I forget myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the strait between the islands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we saw the promontory of Sunium, now called Cape Colonna, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable sight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theseus, which, I am assured, was almost entire at Athens till the last

campaign in the Morea, that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the fam'd Peloponnesus, though it were only to look on the rivers of Æsopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia, and other scenes of ancient mythology. But instead of demi-gods and heroes, I was credibly informed 'tis now over-run by robbers, and that I should run a great risk of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country, for which, however, I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history, from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth, to the last campaign there; but I check the inclination, as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We

came that evening in sight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we easily distinguished that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority, that here were a hundred cities—

—Centum urbes habitant magnas—

The chief of them—the scene of monstrous passions.——Metellus first conquered this birth-place of his Jupiter; it fell afterwards into the hands of——I am running on to the very siege of Candia; and I am so angry with myself, that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been two or three thousand years since, when, after drinking a dish of tea with Sappho, I might have gone the same evening to visit the temple of Homer in Chios, and passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the mi-

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SAR...

racles of statuaries, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of mankind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature alone remain; and it was with vast pleasure I observed those of mount Etna, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour philosophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles; and Lucian shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man, of whom Lucretius says,

——Vix humana videtur stirpe creatus——

We passed Trinacria without hearing any of the syrens that Homer describes; and, being thrown on neither Scylla nor Charybdis, came safe to Malta, first called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The grand-master lives here in the state of a sovereign prince; but his

strength at sea now is very small. The fortifications are reckoned the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expence and labour.——Off this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and were very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into Porta Farine on the African shore, where our ship now rides. At Tunis we were met by the English consul who resides there. I readily accepted of the offer of his house for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by day-light; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is for the most part sandy, but every-where fruitful of date, olive, and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious

fruit in the world. There vineyards and melon-fields are enclosed by hedges of that plant we call Indian-fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins; it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish *ramazan*, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun, and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees companies of the country people, eating, singing, and dancing to their wild music. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them.——But the women have their arms, to their very

shoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impressed by gun-powder; a considerable addition to their natural deformity; which is, however, esteemed very ornamental among them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct, which carried the water to Carthage over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. Wortley assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not made use of to pull them down. Soon after day-break I arrived

at Tunis, a town fairly built of very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye; and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive, that I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water but what is preserved in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women of the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape; and, being mixed with a breed of renegadoes, are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieged in 1270, by Lewis king of France, who died under the walls of it of a pestilential fever. After his death, Philip, his son, and our prince Edward,

son of Henry III. raised the siege on honourable terms. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbarossa, admiral of Solyman the Magnificent. The emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk, under the conduct of Sinan Pashá, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now it has remained tributary to the grand-signior, governed by a *bey*, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute, and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is at this time in the same circumstances; and the grand-signior connives at the loss of these dominions, for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage.——I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be

led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called *The stables of the elephants*, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in them many broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the use of stables. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of *Tents*, not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features, and the shape of their limbs,

differ so little from their country people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa, and from thence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circumference. There are now no remains of it, but what I have described; and the history of it is too well known to want my abridgement of it. You see, sir, that I think you esteem obedience better than compliments. I have answered your letter, by giving you the accounts you de-

sired, and have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you, by word of mouth, that I am,

Your humble servant, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Genoa, Aug. 28, O. S. 1718.

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the abbé ——, and durst not go to write many others I had designed; nor, indeed, could I have entertained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with subjects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, that I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here. I am in the house of Mrs. d'Avenant, at St. Pierre

d'Arena, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situated in a very fine bay; and being built on a rising hill, intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved what has since happened to them, even the loss of all their conquests on that side to those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and are despised by the French, since their doge was

forced by the late king to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the envoy being spattered with dung in the night. This, I suppose, was done by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of cecisbeos has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced me there were any such upon earth. The fashion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes as to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically founded, since I am assured that it was an ex-

pedient first found out by the senate, to put an end to those family hatreds which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men who were forced to cut one another's throats *pour passer le temps;* and it has succeeded so well, that, since the institution of cecisbei, there has been nothing but peace and good humour among them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean a married one, for the virgins are all invisible, and confined to convents): they are obliged to wait on her to all public places, such as the plays, operas, and assemblies (which are here called *Conversations*), where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves if she play, have the privilege of whispers, &c. When she goes out, they serve her instead of lacquies, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to prepare for her a present against any day of

public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name[1]: in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them accordingly (for opportunity they want none); but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure Platonic friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a cecisbei of their own choosing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more: men grow more scarce and saucy; and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You may see in this place the *glorious*

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[1] That is, the day of the saint after whom she is called.

liberty of a republic, or, more properly, an aristocracy, the common people being here as errant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the doge, who is but two years in his office, and whose wife, at that very time, assumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges: when the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wearing of jewels and brocades, they left them at liberty to make what expence they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. Is it not enough that I say they are, most of them, the design of Palladio? The street called Strada Nova is perhaps the most

beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palaces of Durazzo; those of the two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent colonade; that of the Imperiale at this village of St. Pierre d'Arena; and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture, are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Corregio, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These, my beloved painters, shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a Lucretia in the house of Balbi:

the expressive beauty of that face and bosom, gives all the passion of pity and admiration that could be raised in the soul by the finest poem on that subject. A Cleopatra of the same hand deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not first engaged my eyes. Here are also some inestimable ancient bustos. The church of St. Lawrence is built of black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot, which they say was discovered, to throw it on the pavement and break it—a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the king of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars are of red and white marble: that of St. Ambrose has been very much adorned by the Jesuits: but I confess, all the churches

appeared so mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do them the honour of writing down their names.—But I hope you will own I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. Ours, indeed, was very much shortened, and very agreeably passed in M. d'Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre d'Arena, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed, and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only by a few English, in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another. I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it were for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF BRISTOL.

Turin, Sept. 12, O.S. 1718.

I CAME in two days from Genoa, through fine roads, to this place. I have already seen what is shewed to strangers in the town, which, indeed, is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief to speak long of it. The churches are handsome, and so is the king's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situated in a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of La Venerie and La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the noblest

squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the chevalier ——, whom you knew in England; who, with great civility, begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her majesty in a magnificent apartment, with a train of handsome ladies, all dressed in gowns, among whom it was easy to distinguish the fair princess of Carignan. The queen entertained me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. She did not forget to put me in mind of her English blood, and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of majesty as often as I could, which, perhaps, she

will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer. The king has a great deal of vivacity in his eyes; and the young prince of Piedmont is a very handsome young man; but the great devotion which this court is at present fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificence in fashion here; and gallantry is so criminal, that the poor count of ——, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend to set out to-morrow, and to pass those dreadful Alps, so much talked of. If I come to the bottom you shall hear of me.

I am, &c. &c.

TO MRS. THISTLETHWAYTE.

Lyons, Sept. 25, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and also letters from many of my other friends, designed to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither; our merchant there knowing we were upon our return. I am surprised to hear my sister Mar has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confined to my chamber, having kept my bed, till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town; where I have had so terrible a fever, I believed for some time that all my journeys were ended here; and I do not at all wonder

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that such fatigues as I have passed should have such an effect. The first day's journey, from Turin to Novalesse, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted, and enriched by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend mount Cenis, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders; our chaises taken to pieces, and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, of clouds hanging far below our feet, and of vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring, would have been entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here: but the misty rains, which fall perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold, before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after dark. This hill has a spacious plain

on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprising to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick; and the event has shewed that I placed my fears right.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful in vines and pastures: among them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. Acquebellet is the last; and soon after we entered Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom and the dominions of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determined that the sore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the curiosities of this famous city, and more impatient to

continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber crammed with mortifying objects of apothecaries' vials and bottles.

I am, &c. &c.

TO MR. POPE.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O. S. 1718.

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you seem to enjoy from my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must at the same time see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents, that I must receive and pay visits, make courtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed with questions; and, on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence

is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have staid where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life. I should certainly be melancholy if I pursued this theme one line further. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the inscriptions on the tables of brass that are placed on each side of the town-house.

I. TABLE.

MÆRORUM. NOSTR : : : : : SII : : : : : EQUIDEM. PRIMAM. OMNIUM. ILLAM. COGITATIONEM. HOMINUM. QUAM. MAXIME. PRIMAM. OCCURSURAM. MIHI. PROVIDEO. DEPRECOR. NE. QUASI. NOVAM. ISTAM. REM. INTRODUCI. EXHORRESCATIS. SED. ILLA. POTIUS. COGITETIS. QUAM. MULTA. IN. HAC. CIVITATE. NOVATA. SINT. ET. QUIDEM. STATIM. AB. ORIGINE. URBIS. NOSTRÆ. IN. QUOD. FORMAS. STATUSQUE. RES. P. NOSTRA. DIDUCTA. SIT.

QUONDAM. REGES. HANC. TENUERE. URBEM. NE. TAMEN. DOMESTICIS. SUCCESSORIBUS. EAM. TRADERE. CONTIGIT. SUPERVENERE. ALIENI. ET. QUIDAM. EXTERNI. UT. NUMA. ROMULO. SUCCESSERIT. EX. SABINIS. VENIENS. VICINUS. QUIDEM. SED.

TUNC. EXTERNUS. UT. ANCO. MARCIO. PRISCUS. TARQUINIUS. PROPTER. TEMERATUM. SANGUINEM. QUOD. PATRE. DE. MARATO. CORINTHIO. NATUS. ERAT. ET. TARQUINIENSI. MATRE. GENEROSA. SED. INOPI. UT. QUÆ. TALI. MARITO. NECESSE. HABUERIT. SUCCUMBERE. CUM. DOMI. REPELLERETUR. A. GERENDIS. HONORIBUS. POSTQUAM. ROMAM. MIGRAVIT. REGNUM. ADEPTUS. EST. HUIC. QUOQUE. ET. FILIO. NEPOTIVE. EJUS. NAM. ET. HOC. INTER. AUCTORES. DISCREPAT. INCRETUS. SERVIUS. TULLIUS. SI. NOSTROS. SEQUIMUR. CAPTIVA. NATUS. OCRESIA. SI. TUSCOS. COELI. QUONDAM. VIVENNÆ. SODALIS. FIDELISSIMUS. OMNISQUE. EJUS CASUS. COMES. POSTQUAM. VARIA. FORTUNA. EXACTUS. CUM. OMNIBUS. RELIQUIS. COELIANI. EXERCITUS. ETRURIA. EXCESSIT. MONTEM. COELIUM. OCCUPAVIT. ET. A. DUCE. SUO. COELIO. ITA. APPELLITATUS. MUTATOQUE. NOMINE. NAM. TUSCE. MASTARNA. EI. NOMEN. ERAT. ITA. APPELLATUS. EST. UT. DIXI. ET. REGNUM. SUMMA. CUM. REIP. UTILITATE. OBTINUIT. DIENDE. POSTQUAM. TARQUINI. SUPERBI. MORES. INVISI. CIVITATI. NOSTRÆ. ESSE. COEPERUNT. QUA. IPSIUS. QUA. FILIORUM. EJUS. NEMPE. PERTÆSUM. EST. MENTES. REGNI. ET. AD. CONSULES. ANNUOS. MAGISTRATUS. ADMINISTRATIO. REIP. TRANSLATA. EST.

QUID. NUNC. COMMEMOREM. DICTATURÆ. HOC. IPSO. CONSULARI. IMPERIUM. VALENTIUS. REPERTUM. APUD. MAJORES. NOSTROS. QUO. IN. ASPERIORIBUS. BELLIS. AUT. IN. CIVILI. MOTU. DIFFICI-

LIORI. UTERENTUR. AUT. IN. AUXILIUM. PLEBIS. CREATOS. TRIBUNOS. PLEBEI. QUID. A. CONSULIBUS. AD. DECEMVIROS. TRANSLATUM. IMPERIUM. SOLUTOQUE. POSTEA. DECEMVIRALI. REGNO. AD. CONSULES. RURSUS. REDITUM. QUID. IM : : : : V. RIS. DISTRIBUTUM. CONSULARE. IMPERIUM. TRIBUNOSQUE. MILITUM. CONSULARI. IMPERIO. APPELLATUS. QUI. SENI. ET. OCTONI. CREARENTUR. QUID. COMMUNICATOS. POSTREMO. CUM. PLEBE HONORES. NON. IMPERI. SOLUM. SED. SACERDOTORUM. QUOQUE. JAMSI. NARREM. BELLA. A. QUIBUS. COEPERINT. MAJORES. NOSTRI. ET. QUO. PROCESSERIMUS. VEREOR. NE. NIMIO. INSOLENTIOR. ESSE. VIDEAR. ET. QUÆSISSE. JACTATIONEM. GLORIÆ. PROLATI. IMPERI. ULTRA. OCEANUM. SED. ILLO. C. PORIUS. REVERTAR. CIVITATEM.

II. TABLE.

: : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : SANE : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : : NOVO : : : DIVUS : AUG : : : NO : LUS. ET. PATRUUS. TI. CÆSAR. OMNEM. FLOREM. UBIQUE. COLONIARUM. AC. MUNICIPIORUM. BONORUM. SCILICET. VIRORUM. ET. LOCUPLETIUM. IN. HAC. CURIA. ESSE. VOLUIT. QUID. ERGO. NON. ITALICUS. SENATOR. PROVINCIALI. POTIOR. EST. JAM. VOBIS. CUM. HANC. PARTEM. CENSURÆ. MEÆ. APPROBARE. COEPERO. QUID. DE. EA. RE. SENTIAM. REBUS. OSTENDAM. SED. NE. PROVINCIALES. QUIDEM. SI. MODO. ORNARE. CURIAM. POTERINT. REJICIENDOS. PUTO.

ORNATISSIMA. ECCE. COLONIA. VALENTISSI-

MAQUE. RIENNENSIUM. QUAM. LONGO. JAM. TEMPORE. SENATORES. HUIC. CURIÆ. CONFERT. EX. QUA. COLONIA. INTER. PAUCOS. EQUESTRIS. ORDINIS. ORNAMENTUM. L. RESTINUM. FAMILIARISSIME. DILIGO. ET. HODIEQUE. IN. REBUS. MEIS. DETINEO. CUJUS. LIBERI. FRUANTUR. QUÆSO. PRIMO. SACERDOTIORUM. GRADU. POST. MODO. CUM. ANNIS. PROMOTURI. DIGNITATIS. SUÆ. INCREMENTA. UT. DIRUM. NOMEN. LATRONIS. TACEAM. ET. ODI. ILLUD. PALESTRICUM. PRODIGUUM. QUOD. ANTE. IN. DOMUM. CONSULATUM. INTULIT. QUAM. COLONIA. SUA. SOLIDUM. CIVITATIS. ROMANÆ. BENEFICIUM. CONSECUTA. EST. IDEM. DE. FRATRE. EJUS. POSSUM. DICERE. MISERABILI. QUIDEM. INDIGNISSIMOQUE. HOC. CASU. UT. VOBIS. UTILIS. SENATOR. ESSE. NON. POSSIT.

TEMPUS. EST. JAM. TI. CÆSAR. GERMANICE. DETEGERE. TE. PATRIBUS. CONSCRIPTIS. QUO. TENDAT. ORATIO. TUA. JAM. ENIM. AD. EXTREMOS. FINES. GALLIÆ. NARBONENSIS. VENISTI.

TOT. ECCE. INSIGNES. JUVENES. QUOT. INTUEOR. NON. MAGIS. SUNT. POENITENDI. SENATORIB. QUAM. POENITET. PERSICUM. NOBILISSIMUM. VIRUM. AMICUM. MEUM. INTER. IMAGINES. MAJORUM. SUORUM. ALLOROGICI. NOMEN. LEGERE. QUOD. SI. HÆC. ITA. ESSE. CONSENTI. IS. QUID. ULTRA. DESIDERATIS. QUAM. UT. VOBIS. DIGITO. DEMONSTREM. SOLUM. IPSUM. ULTRA. FINES. PROVINCIÆ. NARBONENSIS. JAM. VOBIS. SENATORES. MITTERE. QUANDO. EX. LUGDUNO. HABERE. NOS. NOSTRI. ORDINIS. VIROS.

NON. POENITET. TIMIDE. QUIDEM. P. C. EGRESSUS. ADSUETOS. FAMILIARESQUE. VOBIS. PROVINCIARUM. TERMINOS. SUM. SED. DESTRICTE. JAM. COMATÆ. GALLIÆ. CAUSA. AGENDA. EST. IN. QUA. SI. QUIS. HOC. INTUETUR. QUOD. BELLO. PER. DECEM. ANNOS. EXERCUERUNT. DIVOM. JULIUM. IDEM. OPPONAT. CENTUM. ANNORUM. IMMOBILEM. FIDEM. OBSEQUIUMQUE. MULTIS. TRIPIDIS. REBUS. NOSTRIS. PLUSQUAM. EXPERTUM. ILLI. PATRI. MEO. DRUSO. GERMANIAM. SUBIGENTI. TUTAM. QUIETE. SUA. SECURAMQUE. A. TERGO. PACEM. PRÆSTITERUNT. ET. QUIDEM. CUM. AD. CENSUS. NOVO. TUM. OPERE. ET. IN. ADSUETO. GALLIIS. AD. BELLUM. AVOCATUS. ESSET. QUOD. OPUS. QUAM. ARDUUM. SIT. NOBIS. NUNC. CUM. MAXIME. QUAMVIS. NIHIL. ULTRA. QUAM. UT. PUBLICE. NOTÆ. SINT. FACULTATES. NOSTRÆ. EXQUIRATUR. NIMIS. MAGNO. EXPERIMENTO. COGNOSCIMUS.

I was also shewed, without the gate of St. Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St. Mary there are the ruins of the imperial palace where the emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the

most conspicuous parts of the town is the late king's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them) with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to express, in one image, *ignorance, ill taste,* and *vanity*, his sculptors could have made no other figure so proper for that purpose as this statue, which represents the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand. The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the Belle Cour well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Saone and Rhone.

" Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit
" Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat."

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons; and am determined to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see lady Rich, tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place that she would most willingly hear of.

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE LADY RICH.

Paris, Oct. 10, O. S. 1718.

I CANNOT give my dear lady Rich a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accabléed* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliments, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French embassadress at Constantinople has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has

been to me; which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fountainbleau, when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV., has prospects of all the king's houses. Its walls are designed after the taste of those times, but appear now

very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late king passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least, I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly and well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossierté* of their harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grat-

ing, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth, compared to that of the Hay-market, and the play-house not so neat as that of Lincoln's-Inn-fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O——d a better place than to be confidante to La——. I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, that I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so, with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—*A propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such—— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their

hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe, that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen: and if I was writing to any body else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

I am, &c. &c.

P.S. I have met the Abbé here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

TO MR. T——.

Paris, Oct. 16, O. S. 1718.

You see I'm just to my word, in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprised to meet my sister[1]; I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not received my late letters); and this meeting would shine under the hand of De Scuderie; but I shall not imitate his style so far as to tell you how often we embraced; how she enquired by what odd chance I returned from Constantinople? And I answered her by asking what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations, and compliments, being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen

[1] The countess of Mar.

Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the water to play for our diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own Versailles appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and after having seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The king's cabinet of antiques and medals is, indeed, very richly furnished. Among that collection none pleased so well as the apotheosis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observed some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery, and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains, the theatre, the grove of Esop's fables, &c. all which you may

read very amply particularised in some of the French authors that have been paid for these descriptions. Trianon, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; Marli, better than either of them; and St. Cloud best of all; having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find information in the aforesaid books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many feet they cast up the water.

We saw the king's pictures in the magnificent house of the duke d'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the arch-angel of Raphael, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me if I say nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our

Mall; and the Cour, more agreeable than our Hyde-park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre I had the opportunity of seeing the king, accompanied by the duke-regent. He is tall and well shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman (at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr. Law[1], who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.—Poor souls!—— This reflection on their abject slavery puts me in mind of the *place des victoires*; but I will not take up your time and my

[1] Mr. Law was the projector of the Mississippi scheme, and the colonisation of Louisiana, similar in its plan and event to our South sea.

own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London, in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, and in the proportion of the streets, the houses being all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large; and when I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

TO THE ABBÉ ——.

Dover, Oct. 31, O. S. 1718.

I AM willing to take your word for it, that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat, in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it proper to remove the mail, and give us notice of the danger. We called a little fishing boat, which could hardly make up to us; while all the people on board us were crying to Heaven. It is hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion; and yet, shall I own it to you? though I was not at all willingly to be

drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me——" *Dear madam,* " *will you take care of this point? if it* " *should be lost!——Ah, Lord, we shall* " *all be lost!——Lord have mercy on my* " *soul!——Pray, madam, take care of* " *this head-dress.*" This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But, however, the

scene was not so diverting, but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it, is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to the different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milk-maid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon, with humility, every Sunday, not having confounded the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain-

enquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And, after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden-pippins; that the Beca figuas of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef; and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and, since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of day-light, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

TO LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

MADAM,

My lord says in reading your most ingenious descriptions, he observed that your ladyship had the art of making common circumstances agreeable; as the lady's care of her lace in the storm, &c. You have also made learned things instructive, as the copy of the Greek inscription, the which my lord desires that your ladyship will be pleased to send him again by the bearer, that he may better understand it than by one he has: care will be taken to return it safe again. Though this is my lord's letter, yet I must beg leave to add to it that I am, with unfeigned esteem, your ladyship's

Most obedient humble servant,

Friday evening. M. PEMBROKE.*

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* Mary Howe, sister of Scrope lord viscount Howe, lady of the bedchamber to queen Caroline, was the third wife of Thomas earl of Pembroke.

TO LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

MADAM,

My lord Pembroke agrees with your ladyship, that it is a great surprise to him to know you are the person that copied the inscription, but at the same time desires I will assure you, that it is the most agreeable one he ever met with; and if you will give him leave, with the utmost pleasure, will wait on you this evening, betwixt six and seven o'clock; and though I know nothing of inscriptions, yet I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of going with him to the most agreeable conversation in the world, there being no one more sensible of your merit,

Than your ladyship's

Most obedient humble servant,

M. Pembroke.

MR. POPE TO LADY M. W. MONTAGU.

September 1.

MADAM,

I HAVE been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that 'twas to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you: and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer has sustained, for want of my translating him in Asia. You

will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks, your oriental learning;—but I long for nothing so much as your oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back* into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the east, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence (that is, truth) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many European habits. Without offence to your modesty be it spoken, I have a burning desire to

see your soul stark naked, for I am confident 'tis the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe.—But I forget whom I am talking to; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the prophet, that you have none; if so, shew me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it; —I mean your heart;—Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond-casket that held Homer's Iliads; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making of them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just past part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my lord Harcourt's, which he lent me[1]. It overlooks a common-field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in Romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet, of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five-and-twenty, Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the

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[1] At Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire.

whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, and drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frighted and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if Heaven had burst asunder.

The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stept to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eye-brow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire; where my lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think 'twas

what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

1.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

2.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I can't think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was

to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one can't but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am

content. I have detested the sound of *honest woman*, and *loving spouse*, ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche. Dear Madam, I am for ever

Your, &c.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters are lost.

TO MR. POPE.

Dover, Nov. 1, O. S. 1718.

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours, sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good-nature, in supposing, that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called hay-makers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine, that John Hughes and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous

than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow-parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from a storm, was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion, that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours.

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?

THE TANJORE ... SERFOJI'S ...

Believe me, friend, much may be said
On this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd;
These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the time away;
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commission'd for that end no doubt),
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 't was not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain:
Now they are happy in their doom,
For Pope has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess, these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be

your stupid *living* humble servant, than be *celebrated* by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Congreve, but suppose you will read this to him, if he enquires after me.

LETTERS

TO THE

COUNTESS OF MAR

AT PARIS.

LETTERS

TO THE

COUNTESS OF MAR.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1720.

I HAVE had no answer, dear sister, to a long letter that I writ to you a month ago; however, I shall continue letting you know *(de temps en temps)* what passes in this corner of the world 'till you tell me 'tis disagreeable. I shall say little of the death of our great minister, because the papers say so much[1]. I suppose that the same faithful historians give you regular accounts of the growth

[1] James Craggs, esq. secretary of state, died February 15, 1720, aged 35.

and spreading of the inoculation for the small-pox, which is become almost a general practice, attended with great success. I spend my time in a small snug set of dear intimates, and go very little into the *grande monde*, which has always had my hearty contempt. I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glasses, and *they tell me* it has a very good effect. I here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. I stifled them here, and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet :

" Ah friend, 't is true—this truth you lovers know—
" In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,

"In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
"Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens:
"Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
"And only dwells where Wortley casts her eyes.

"What are the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
"The morning bower, the ev'ning colonade,
"But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
"To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
"So the struck deer in some sequester'd part
"Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
"He, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
"Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away [2]."

My paper is done, and I beg you to send my lustering of what colour you please.

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[2] In Pope's works the last eight lines only are published as a fragment. After his quarrel with lady M. W. M. he disingenuously suppressed the compliment conveyed in the preceding.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1721.

DEAR SISTER,

My eyes are very bad to-day, from having been such a beast to sit up late last night; however, I will write to enquire after your health, though at the expence of my own. I forgot whether I told you lord Dorchester[1] and our sister Caroline have been inoculated, and are perfectly well after it. I saw her grace the duchess of Kingston yesterday, who told me that she heard from you last post, and that you have been ill, but are recovered. My father is going to the Bath, sir William Wyndham is dying, lady Darlington and lady Mohun are packing up for the next world, and the rest of our acquaintance

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[1] Afterward the late duke of Kingston.

playing the fool in this *à l'ordinaire.* Among the rest a very odd whim has entered the little head of Mrs. Murray; do you know that she won't visit me this winter? I, according to the usual integrity of my heart, and simplicity of my manners, with great *naïveté* desired to explain with her on the subject, and she answered that she was convinced that I had made the ballad upon her, and was resolved never to speak to me again. I answered (which was true) that I utterly defied her to have any one single proof of my making it, without being able to get any thing from her, but repetitions that she knew it. I cannot suppose that any thing you have said should occasion this rupture, and the reputation of a quarrel is always so ridiculous on both sides, that you would oblige me in mentioning it to her, for 'tis now at that pretty pass, she won't curtesy to me wherever she meets

me, which is superlatively silly (if she really knew it), after a suspension of resentment for two years together. To turn the discourse on something more amusing, we had a masquerade last night, where I did not fail to trifle away a few hours agreeably enough, and fell into company with a quite new man, that has a great deal of wit, joined to a diabolical person: 'tis my lord I——e, whom 'tis impossible to love, and impossible not to be entertained with; that species are the most innocent part of the creation, *et ne laisse pas de faire plaisir.* I wish all mankind were of that class.——Dear sister, I would give the world to converse with you; but, *helas!* the sea is between us.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1721.

I HAVE already writ you so many letters, dear sister, that if I thought you had silently received them all, I don't know whether I should trouble you with any more; but I flatter myself, that they have most of them miscarried: I had rather have my labours lost, than accuse you of unkindness. I send this by lady Lansdown [1], who I hope will have no curiosity to open my letter, since she will find in it, that I never saw any thing so miserably altered in my life: I really did not know her:

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[1] Lady Grace Granville, youngest daughter of John lord Lansdown, and wife of George lord Carteret, was created countess of Granville, Jan. 1, 1715. She died 1744.

So must the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
So sinks the pride of the parterre,
When something over-blown.

My daughter makes such a noise in the room, 'tis impossible to go on in this heroic style. I hope yours is in great bloom of beauty. I fancy to myself we shall have the pleasure of seeing them co-toasts of the next age. I don't at all doubt but they will outshine all the little Auroras of this, for there never was such a parcel of ugly girls as reign at present. In recompence, they are very kind, and the men very merciful and content in this dearth of charms, with the poorest stuff in the world. This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you the tender loves of lord Romney and lady Carmichill; they are so fond, it does one's heart good to see them. There are some other pieces of scandal not unentertaining, particularly the earl of

S****r and lady M. H*****d, who, being your acquaintance, I thought would be some comfort to you. The town improves daily, all people seem to make the best of the talent God has given 'em.

The race of Roxbourghs, Thanets, and Suffolks, are utterly extinct; and every thing appears with that edifying plain dealing, that I may say, in the words of the Psalmist, "there is no sin in Israel."

I have already thanked you for my night-gown, but 'tis so pretty it will bear being twice thanked for.

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1721.

I CANNOT help being very sorry, for your sake, to hear that you persist in your design of retiring; though, as to my own part, I have no view of conversing with you where you now are, and ninety leagues are but a small addition to the distance between us. London was never so gay as at present; but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger; I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it, that I might swallow it with comfort. The reigning duchess of Marlborough[1] has entertained

[1] Henrietta countess of Godolphin, and afterward duchess of Marlborough.

the town with concerts of Bononcini's composition very often: but she and I are not in that degree of friendship to have *me* often invited. Various are the persecutions I have endured this winter, in all which I remain neuter, and shall certainly go to Heaven from the passive meekness of my temper. Madame Villette has been the favourite of the town, and by a natural transition is grown the aversion; she has now nobody attached to her suite but the vivacious lord Bathurst[2], with whom I have been well and ill ten times within two months. The duchess of Kingston[3] is preparing for the Bath. I live in a sort of solitude, that

[2] Allen lord Bathurst, the well-known friend and patron of Pope, Swift, and Gay. He died in 1774, at the age of ninety-one; having enjoyed health, genius, and prosperity, in a very singular degree.

[3] Lady Isabella Bentinck, second wife of Evelyn duke of Kingston.

wants very little of being what I would have it. Lady J. Wharton is to be married to Mr. Holt, which I am sorry for, to see a young woman, whom I really think one of the most agreeable girls upon earth, so vilely misplaced. But where are people matched? I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven as in a country dance; the hands are strangely given and taken whilst they are in motion, and at last all meet their partners when the jig is done.

I am ever affectionately yours,

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1721.

I DO verily believe, my dear sister, that this is the twelfth if not the thirteenth letter I have written since I had the pleasure of hearing from you. It is an uncomfortable thing to have precious time spent, and one's wit neglected in this manner. Sometimes I think you are fallen into that utter indifference for all things on this side the water, that you have no more curiosity for the affairs of London than for those of Pekin; and if that be the case, 'tis downright impertinence to trouble you with news. But I cannot cast off the affectionate concern I have for you, and consequently must put you in mind of me whenever I have any opportunity. The bearer of this epistle is our cousin; his shoulder-knot last birth-day made many

a pretty gentleman's heart ache with envy, and his addresses have made miss Howard the happiest of her highness's honourable virgins. I made a sort of resolution at the beginning of my letter not to trouble you with the mention of what passes here, since you receive it with so much coldness. But I find it is impossible to forbear telling you the metamorphoses of some of your acquaintance, which appear as wondrous to me as any in Ovid. Would any one believe that lady H*****ss is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs. Anastasia Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? and these things in spite of nature and fortune. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. M***, and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could tell you the particulars of this

amour, which seems to me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the serious attention of the naturalists. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera; and her condescension in her accepting of lord Peterborough[1] for her champion, who has signalised both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope, as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my lady miscarried—

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[1] He married Mrs. Anastasia Robinson 1735, and died at Lisbon in the same year, aged seventy-seven.

the whole town divided into parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the house of peers being put under an arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the more solid advantage of 100*l.* a-month, which 'tis said he allows her. I will send you a letter by the count Caylus[2], whom, if you do not know already, you will thank me for introducing to you. He is a Frenchman, and no fop; which, beside the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world.

In general, gallantry was never in so

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[2] Afterward so justly famed in the literary world for the study of Grecian and Roman antiquities.

elevated a figure as at present. Twenty very pretty fellows (the duke of Wharton being president and chief director) have formed themselves into a committee of gallantry, who call themselves *Schemers*; and meet regularly three times a-week, to consult on gallant schemes for the advancement and advantage of that branch of happiness. I consider the duty of a true Englishwoman is to do honour to her native country; and that it would be a sin against the pious love I bear to the land of my nativity, to confine the renown due to the schemers within the small extent of this little island, which ought to be spread wherever men can sigh, or women can wish. 'Tis true they have the envy and the curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all *old* women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning.

M. W. MONTAGUE.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1721.

DEAR SISTER,

I WAS very glad to hear from you, though there was something in your letters very monstrous and shocking. I wonder with what conscience you can talk to me of your being an old woman; I beg I may hear no more of it. For my part I pretend to be as young as ever, and really am as young as needs to be, to all intents and purposes. I attribute all this to your living so long at Chatton, and fancy a week at Paris will correct such wild imaginations, and set things in a better light. My cure for lowness of spirits is not drinking nasty water, but galloping all day, and a moderate glass of Champaigne at night in good company; and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of

the most wholesome that can be prescribed, and may save one a world of filthy doses, and more filthy doctor's fees, at the year's end. I rode to Twickenham last night, and, after so long a stay in town, am not sorry to find myself in my garden; our neighbourhood is much improved by the removal of some old maids, and the arrival of some fine gentlemen, amongst whom are lord Middleton and sir J. Gifford, who, perhaps, are your acquaintances: they live with their aunt, lady Westmoreland, and we endeavour to make the country agreeable to one another.

Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's, and their conjunction has produced a ballad*, which, if nobody else has sent you, I will, being never better pleased than when I am endeavouring to amuse my dear sister, and ever yours.

M. W. M.

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* Published in Swift's Works.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1723.

DEAR SISTER,

I SENT you a long letter by the duchess of Montague; though I have had no answer, I cannot resolve to leave London without writing another. I go to-morrow to Twickenham, where I am occupied in some alterations of my house and gardens. I believe I have told you we bought it last year, and there is some sort of pleasure in shewing one's own fancy upon one's own ground. If you please to send my night-gown to Mr. Hughes, an English banquier at Paris, directed for madame Cantillon, it will come safe to my hands; she is a new neighbour of mine, has a very handsome house in the village, and herself eclipses most of our London beauties: you know how fond we are of novelty, besides that she is

really very pretty and does not want understanding, and I have a thousand commodities in her acquaintance. Mrs. Davenant is returned from Genoa, and I have the pleasure of an agreeable intimacy with her; so much for my acquaintance. Lady Byng has inoculated both her children, and is big with child herself; the operation is not yet over, but I believe they will do very well. Since that experiment has not yet had any ill effect, the whole town are doing the same thing, and I am so much pulled about and solicited to visit people, that I am forced to run into the country to hide myself. There is a ridiculous marriage on the point of conclusion that diverts me much. You know lady Mary Sanderson; she is making over her discreet person and 1500*l*. a-year jointure to the tempting embrace of the noble earl of Pembroke, aged 73.*

M. W. M.

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* This marriage never took place.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1723.

DEAR SISTER,

I HAVE written you so many letters which you say you have not received, that I suppose you will not receive this; however, I will acquit myself to my own conscience as a good Christian ought to do. I am sure I can never be really wanting in any expression of affection to you, to whom I can never forget what I owe in many respects. Our mutual acquaintance are exceedingly dispersed, and I am engaged in a new set, whose ways would not be entertaining to you, since you know not the people. Mrs. Murray is still at Castle-Howard: I am at Twickenham, where there is, at this time, more company than at London. Your poor soul Mrs. Johnston is returned into our

neighbourhood, and sent to me to carry her to Richmond-court to-morrow, but I begged to be excused: she is still in sad pickle. I think Mr. and Madame Harvey are at lord Bristol's. *A propos* of that family: the countess is come out a new creature; she has left off the dull occupations of hazard and basset, and is grown young, blooming, coquet, and gallant; and, to shew she is fully sensible of the errors of her past life, and resolved to make up for time misspent, she has two lovers at a time, and is equally wickedly talked of for the gentle colonel Cotton and the superfine Mr. Braddocks. Now I think this the greatest compliment in nature to her own lord; since it is plain that when she will be false to him, she is forced to take two men in his stead, and that no one mortal has merit enough to make up for him. Poor lady G**** is parting from her discreet spouse for a mere trifle. She had a mind to take the

air this spring in a new yacht (which lord Hillsborough built for many good uses, and which has been the scene of much pleasure and pain): she went in company with his lordship, Fabrice, Mr. Cook, lady Litchfield*, and her sister, as far as Greenwich, and from thence as far as the mouth of the Nore; when to the great surprise of the good company, who thought it impossible the wind should not be as fair to bring them back as it was to carry them thither, they found there was no possibility of returning that night. Lady G****, in all the concern of a good wife, desired her lord might be informed of her safety, and that she was no way blameable in staying out all night. Fabrice writ a most gallant letter to lord G****; concluding that Mr. Cook presents his humble service to him, and let him know (in case of necessity) his lady was in town: but his

* Frances, daughter of sir John Hales, of Woodchurch, Kent.

lordship not liking the change, I suppose, carried the letter strait to the king's majesty, who not being at leisure to give him an audience, he sent it in open by Mahomet; though it is hard to guess what sort of redress he intended to petition for—the nature of the thing being such, that had he complained he was no cuckold, his majesty at least might have prevailed that some of his court might confer that dignity upon him, but if he was, neither king, council, nor the two houses of parliament, could make it null and of none effect. This public rupture is succeeded by a treaty of separation, and here is all the scandal that is uppermost in my head. I should be glad to contribute any way to your entertainment, and am very sorry to stand in so much need of it. I am ever yours.

M. W. MONTAGU.

I wish you would think of my lutestring, for I am in terrible want of linings.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1723.

DEAR SISTER,

I HAVE written to you twice since I received yours in answer to that I sent by Mr. De Caylus, but I believe none of what I send by the post ever come to your hands, nor ever will while they are directed to Mr. Waters, for reasons that you may easily guess. I wish you would give me a safer direction; it is very seldom I can have the opportunity of a private messenger, and it is very often that I have a mind to write to you. If you have not heard of the duchess of Montague's intended journey, you will be surprised at your manner of receiving this, since I send it by one of her servants: she does not design to see any body nor any thing at Paris, and talks of going from Montpel-

lier to Italy. I have a tender esteem for her, and am heartily concerned to lose her conversation, yet I cannot condemn her resolution. I am yet in this wicked town, but purpose to leave it as soon as the parliament rises. Mrs. Murray and all her satellites have so seldom fallen in my way, I can say little about them. Your old friend Mrs. Louther is still fair and young, and in pale pink every night in the parks; but, after being highly in favour, poor I am in utter disgrace, without my being able to guess wherefore, except she fancied me the author or abettor of two vile ballads written on her dying adventure, which I am so innocent of that I never saw it: *à propos* of ballads, a most delightful one is said or sung in most houses about our dearly beloved plot, which has been laid first to Pope, and secondly to me, when God knows we have neither of us wit enough to make it. Mrs. Harvey lies-in of a female

child. Lady Rich is happy in dear sir Robert's absence, and the polite Mr. Holt's return to his allegiance, who, though in a treaty of marriage with one of the prettiest girls in town (lady J. Wharton), appears better with her than ever. Lady B. Manners is on the brink of matrimony with a yorkshire Mr. Monkton of 3000*l.* per annum: it is a match of the young duchess's making, and she thinks matter of great triumph over the two coquet beauties, who can get nobody to have and to hold; they are decayed to a piteous degree, and so neglected that they are grown constant and particular to the two ugliest fellows in London. Mrs. P—— condescends to be publicly kept by the noble earl of Cadogan; whether Mr. P—— has a pad nag deducted out of the profits for his share I cannot tell, but he appears very well satisfied with it. This is, I think, the whole state of love; as to that of wit, it splits itself into ten

thousand branches; poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-coloured top-knots; making verses is become almost as common as taking snuff, and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer to all their acquaintances, and you know one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch. This is a very great grievance, and so particularly shocking to me, that I think our wise lawgivers should take it into consideration, and appoint a fast-day to beseech Heaven to put a stop to this epidemical disease, as they did last year for the plague with great success.

Dear sister, adieu: I have been very free in this letter, because I think I am sure of its going safe. I wish my nightgown may do the same:—I only choose that as most convenient to you; but if it was equally so, I had rather the money

was laid out in plain lutestring, if you could send me eight yards at a time of different colours, designing it for linings; but if this scheme is impracticable, send me a night-gown *à-la-mode*.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1723.

I AM very sorry, dear sister, that you are in so melancholy a way, but I hope a return to Paris will revive your spirits; I had much rather have said London, but I do not presume upon so much happiness. I was last night at the play *en famille,* in the most literal sense; my sister Gower dragged me thither in company of all our children, with Lady F. Pierrepoint at their head. My third niece Leveson, Jenny by name[1], will come out an errant beauty; she is really like the duchess of Queensborough. As for news, the last wedding is that of Peg Pelham[2], and I think I

[1] Hon. Jane Leveson Gower, died unmarried in May, 1737.

[2] Hon. Margaret Pelham, married to sir John Shelley, bart. of Michel Grove, in Sussex, and died in 1758.

have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness; according to all appearance she cannot fail of being a widow in six weeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a house-wife as to line her wedding-clothes with black. Assemblies rage in this part of the world; there is not a street in town free from them, and some spirited ladies go to seven in a night. You need not question but love and play flourish under these encouragements: I now and then peep upon these things with the same coolness I would do on a moving picture; I laugh at some of the motions, wonder at others, &c. and then retire to the elected few, that have ears and hear, but mouths have they and speak not. One of these chosen, to my great sorrow, will soon be at Paris; I mean Stafford, who talks of removing next April: she promises to return, but I had rather she did not go.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, Oct. 20, 1723.

I AM heartily sorry to have the pleasure of hearing from you lessened by your complaints of uneasiness, which I wish with all my soul I was capable of relieving, either by my letters or any other way. My life passes in a kind of indolence which is now and then awakened by agreeable moments; but pleasures are transitory, and the ground-work of every thing in England stupidity, which is certainly owing to the coldness of this vile climate. I envy you the serene air of Paris, as well as many other conveniences there: what between the things one cannot do, and the things one must not do, the time but dully lingers on, though I make as good a shift as many of my neighbours. To my great grief, some of my best

friends have been extremely ill; and, in general, death and sickness have never been more frequent than now. You may imagine poor gallantry droops; and, except in the elysian shades of Richmond, there is no such thing as love or pleasure. It is said there is a fair lady retired for having taken too much of it: for my part they are not at all cooked to my taste; and I have very little share in the diversions there, which, except seasoned with wit, or at least vivacity, will not go down with me who have not altogether so voracious an appetite as I once had: I intend, however, to shine and be fine on the birth-night, and review the figures there. My poor friend the young duchess of Marlborough[1], I am afraid, has ex-

[1] Henrietta, eldest daughter of John duke of Marlborough, married to Francis earl of Godolphin, and upon the death of her father in 1722, succeeded to his honours; she was the particular friend of Congreve, who bequeathed her 10,000l.

posed herself to a most violent ridicule; she is as much embarrassed with the loss of her expected child, and as much ashamed of it, as ever a dairy maid was with the getting one.

I desire you would say something very pretty to your daughter in my name: notwithstanding the great gulph that is at present between us, I hope to wait on her to an opera one time or other. I suppose you know our uncle Fielding[2] is dead: I regret him prodigiously.

M. W. M.

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[2] William Fielding, esq. second son of W. earl of Denbigh, gentleman of the bedchamber and deputy comptroller of the household, died Sept. 1723.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Oct. 31, 1723.

I WRITE to you at this time piping-hot from the birth night; my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances, can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle will be conveyed; I do not

know whether she will make the same compliment to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time: I think those are lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree, I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking-up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk[1], to have *not* taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr. Walpole, who proposed it to the secret com-

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[1] Houghton; Mr. (afterward sir Robert) Walpole's, then prime-minister.

mittee in his parlour. William Young[2] seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man: Doddington[3] very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared when they had positive commands to do so, perhaps people would not commit adultery and bear false witness against their neighbours with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board, and I don't know whether the bill won't be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried on with great ease, the world being entirely "*revenue du bagatelle*," and honour, virtue, reputation, &c. which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled ribands. To

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[2] Sir William Young.

[3] George Bubb Doddington, afterward lord Melcomb-Regis, whose Diary has been published.

speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows: in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality; it is no scandal to say miss ——, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is out again, and poor Biddy Noel has never been quite well since her last confinement. You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it. This is the general state of affairs: as to particulars, if you have any curiosity for things of that kind, you have nothing to do but to ask me questions, and they shall be answered to the best of my understanding; my time never being passed more agreeably than when I am doing something oblig-

ing to you: this is truth, in spite of all the beaus, wits, and witlings, in Great Britain.

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1724.

DEAR SISTER,

I CANNOT positively fix a time for my waiting on you at Paris; but I do verily believe I shall make a trip thither, sooner or later. This town improves in gaiety every day; the young people are younger than they used to be, and all the old are grown young. Nothing is talked of but entertainments of gallantry by land and water, and we insensibly begin to taste all the joys of arbitrary power. Politics are no more; nobody pretends to winch or kick under their burthens; but we go on cheerfully with our bells at our ears, ornamented with ribands, and highly contented with our present condition: so much for the general state of the na-

tion. The last pleasure that fell in my way was madame Sevigné's Letters; very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper. You say nothing to me of the change of your ministry: I thank you for your silence on that subject; I don't remember myself ever child enough to be concerned who reigned in any part of the earth. I am more touched at the death of poor Miss Chiswell, who is carried off by the small-pox. I am so oddly made, that I never forget the tendernesses contracted in my infancy; and I think of any past play-fellow with a concern that few people feel for their present favourites. After giving you melancholy by this tragedy, 'tis but reasonable I should conclude with a farce, that I may not leave you in ill humour. I have so good an opinion of

your taste, to believe harlequin in person will never make you laugh so much as the earl of S****'s furious passion for lady Walpole[1] (aged fourteen and some months). Mrs. M****t undertook to bring the business to bear, and provided the opportunity (a great ingredient you'll say); but the young lady proved skittish. She did not only turn this heroic flame into present ridicule, but exposed all his generous sentiments, to divert her husband and father-in-law. His lordship is gone to Scotland; and if there was any body wicked enough to write upon it, there is a subject worthy the pen of the best ballad-maker in Grub-street.

M. W. M.

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[1] Margaret, daughter and heir of Samuel Rolle, esq. of Haynton, co. Devon, married to Robert lord Walpole, March 26, 1724.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I THINK this is the first time of my life that a letter of yours has lain by me two posts unanswered. You'll wonder to hear that short silence is occasioned by not having a moment unemployed at Twickenham; but I pass many hours on horseback, and I'll assure you, ride stag hunting, which I know you'll stare to hear of. I have arrived to vast courage and skill that way, and am as well pleased with it as with the acquisition of a new sense: his royal highness hunts in Richmond park, and I make one of the *beau monde* in his train. I desire you after this account not to name the word old woman to me any more: I approach to fifteen nearer than I did ten years ago,

and am in hopes to improve every year in health and vivacity. Lord Bolingbroke is returned to England, and is to do the honours at an assembly at lord Berkley's the ensuing winter. But the most surprising news is lord B****t's assiduous court, which fills the coffee-houses with profound speculations. But I, who smell a rat at a considerable distance, do believe in private that Mrs. H****d and his lordship have a friendship that borders upon "the tender;" and though in histories learned, ignorance attributes all to cunning or to chance,

Love in that grave disguise does often smile,
Knowing the cause was kindness all the while.

I am in hopes your king of France behaves better than our duke of B****d; who, by the care of a pious mother, certainly preserved his virginity to his marriage-bed, where he was so much disappointed in his fair bride (who, though

his own inclinations, could not bestow on him those expressless raptures he had figured to himself), that he already pukes at the very name of her, and determines to let his estate go to his brother, rather than * * * * * * * *.

N. B. This is true history, and I think the most extraordinary has happened in this last age. This comes of living till sixteen without a competent knowledge either of practical or speculative anatomy, and literally thinking fine ladies composed of lilies and roses. *A propos* of the best red and white to be had for money; lady Hervey is more delightful than ever, and such a politician, that if people were not blind to merit, she would govern the nation. Mrs. Murray has got a new lover in the most accomplished Mr. Doddington—so far for the progress of love. That of wit has taken a very odd course, and is making the tour of Ireland, from whence we have packets of

ballads, songs, petitions, panegyrics, &c.: so powerful is the influence of lord Carteret's wit, and my lady's beauty, the Irish rhime that never rhimed before.

Adieu, dear sister, I take a sincere part in all that relates to you, and am ever yours. I beg, as the last favour, that you would make some small enquiry, and let me know the minute lord Finch[1] is at Paris.

M. W. M.

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[1] Afterward earl of Winchilsea and Nottingham, comptroller of the household to George II.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1725.

I AM now at the same distance from London that you are from Paris, and could fall into solitary amusements with a good deal of taste; but I resist it, as a temptation of Satan, and rather turn my endeavours to make the world as agreeable to me as I can, which is the true philosophy; that of despising it is of no use but to hasten wrinkles. I ride a good deal, and have got a horse superior to any two-legged animal, he being without a fault. I work like an angel. I receive visits upon idle days, and I shade my life as I do my tent-stitch, that is, make as easy transitions as I can from business to pleasure; the one would be too flaring and gaudy without some dark

shades of t' other; and if I worked altogether in the grave colours, you know 't would be quite dismal. Miss Skerret is in the house with me, and lady Stafford has taken a lodging at Richmond: as their ages are different, and both agreeable in their kind; I laugh with the one, or reason with the other, as I happen to be in a gay or serious humour; and I manage my friends with such a strong yet a gentle hand, that they are both willing to do whatever I have a mind to.

My daughter presents her duty to you, and service to lady Frances[1], who is growing to womanhood apace: I long to see her and you, and am not destitute of wandering designs to that purpose.

M. W. M.

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[1] Who afterward was the wife of her cousin, John Ereskine, esq.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I AM heartily sorry, dear sister, for all that displeases you, and for this time admit of your excuses for silence; but I give you warning, *c'est pour la dernière fois*: to say truth, they don't seem very reasonable; whatever keeps one at home naturally inclines one to write, especially when you can give a friend so much pleasure as your letters always do to me. Miss Skerret[1] staid all the remainder of the summer with me, and we are now come to town, where variety of things happen every day. Sophia and I have an immortal quarrel; which, though I resolve never to forgive, I can hardly forbear

[1] Maid of honour to queen Caroline, and afterward the second wife of sir Robert Walpole.

laughing at. An acquaintance of mine is married, whom I wish very well to: Sophia has been pleased, on this occasion, to write the most infamous ballad that ever was written; wherein both the bride and bridegroom are intolerably mauled, especially the last, who is complimented with the hopes of cuckoldom, and forty other things equally obliging. Sophia has distributed this ballad in such a manner, as to make it pass for mine, on purpose to plague the poor innocent soul of the new-married man, whom I should be the last of creatures to abuse. I know not how to clear myself of this vile imputation, without a train of consequences I have no mind to fall into. In the mean time Sophia enjoys the pleasure of heartily plaguing both me and that person.

Perhaps I may pass the Christmas holidays at Paris. Adieu, dear sister. The new opera is execrable.

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

DEAR SISTER,

I AM extremely sorry for your indisposition, and did not wait for a letter to write to you, but my lord C****e has been going every day this five weeks, and I intended to charge him with a pacquet: nobody ever had such ineffectual charms as his lordship; beauty and money are equally ill bestowed, when a fool has the keeping of them; they are incapable of happiness, and every blessing turns useless in their hands. You advise a change of taste, which I confess I have no notion of; I may, with time, change my pursuit, for the same reason that I may feed upon butcher's meat when I am not able to purchase greater delicacies, but I am sure I shall never forget the flavour

of *gibier*. In the mean time I divert myself passably enough, and take care to improve as much as possible that stock of vanity and credulity that Heaven in its mercy has furnished me with; being sensible that to those two qualities, simple as they appear, all the pleasures of life are owing. My sister Gower is in town, on the point of lying-in: I see every body, but converse with nobody but *des âmes choisies;* in the first rank of these are lady Stafford and dear Molly Skerret, both of which have now the additional merit of being old acquaintances, and never having given me any reason to complain of either of them. I pass some days with the duchess of Montague[1], who might be a reigning beauty if she pleased. I see the whole town every Sunday, and select a few that I re-

[1] Lady Mary Churchill, fourth and youngest daughter of John duke of Marlborough; she died in May, 1757.

[library stamp, partly legible]

tain to supper; in short, if life could be always what it is, I believe I have so much humility in my temper that I could be contented without any thing better than this, two or three hundred years: but alas!

> Dullness, wrinkles, and disease, must come,
> And age and death's irrevocable doom.

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I BELIEVE you have by this time received my letter from the hand of my lord Clare; however I love you well enough to write again, in hopes you will answer my letters one time or other. All our acquaintances are run mad; they do such things! such monstrous and stupendous things! Lady Hervey and lady Bristol have quarrelled in such a polite manner, that they have given one another all the titles so liberally bestowed amongst the ladies at Billingsgate. Sophia and I have been quite reconciled, and are now quite broke, and I believe not likely to piece up again. Ned Thompson is as happy as the money and charms of Belle Dunch can make him, and a

miserable dog for all that. Public places flourish more than ever: we have assemblies for every day in the week, besides court, operas, and masquerades; with youth and money, 'tis certainly possible to be very well diverted in spite of malice and ill-nature, though they are more and more powerful every day. For my part, as it is my established opinion that this globe of ours is no better than a Holland cheese, and the walkers about in it mites, I posses my mind in patience, let what will happen; and should feel tolerably easy, though a great rat came and eat half of it up. My sister Gower has got a sixth daughter[1] by the grace of God, and is as merry as if nothing had happened. My poor love Mr. Cook has fought and been disarmed by J. Stapleton on a national quarrel; in

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[1] Honourable Evelyn Leveson Gower, who married John Fitzpatrick, earl of Upper Ossory.

short, he was born to conquer nothing in England, that's certain, and has good luck neither with our ladies nor gentletlemen. B. Noel is come out lady Millsington, to the encouragement and consolation of all the coquets about town; and they make haste to be as infamous as possible, in order to make their fortunes. I have this moment received from Mrs. Peling a very pretty cap for my girl; I give you many thanks for the trouble you have had in sending it, and desire you would be so good to send the other things when you have opportunity. I have another favour to ask, that you would make my compliments to our English embassador when you see him. I have a constancy in my nature that makes me always remember my old friends.

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, 1725.

I WROTE to you very lately, my dear sister; but ridiculous things happening, I cannot help (as far as in me lies) sharing all my pleasures with you. I own I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, God be praised, that is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. I will mention to you some suspicions of my own in relation to lord B***t, which I really never mentioned to any one; but as there is never smoke without some fire, there is never fire without some smoke. These smothered flames, though admirably covered with whole heaps of politics, were at length seen, felt, heard, and understood; and the fair lady given to understand by her commanding offi-

cer, that if she shewed under other colours, she must expect to have her pay retrenched. Upon this the good lord was dismissed, and has not attended in the drawing-room since. You know one cannot help laughing, when one sees him next, and I own I long for that pleasurable moment.

I am sorry for another of our acquaintance, whose follies (for it is impossible to avoid that word) are not of a kind to give mirth to those who wish her well. The discreet and sober lady L***re has lost such furious sums at the Bath, that it may be questioned, whether all the sweetness the waters can put into my lord's blood, particularly 700*l.* at one sitting, which is aggravated by many astonishing circumstances. This is as odd to me as my lord T——m's shooting himself; and another demonstration of the latent fire that lies under cold countenances. We wild girls always make your prudent wives and mothers.

I hear some near relations of ours are at Paris, with whom I think you are not acquainted. I mean lord Denbigh and his Dutch lady[1], who I am very certain has somewhat of French in her composition. She is entertaining enough,

——extremely gay,
Loves music, company, and play—

I suppose you will see her.

M. W. M.

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[1] Isabella, daughter of Peter de Yong of Utrecht, in Holland, and sister of the marchioness of Blandford.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1725.

I AM always pleased to hear from you, dear sister, when you tell me you are well. I believe that you will find, upon the whole, my opinion to be right, that air, exercise, and company, are the best medicines, and physic and retirement good for nothing but to break hearts and spoil constitutions.

I am very glad to hear you mention our meeting in London. We are much mistaken here as to our ideas of Paris—to hear that gallantry has forsaken it, sounds as extraordinary to me as a want of ice in Greenland. We have nothing but ugly faces in this country, but more lovers than ever. There are but three pretty men in England, and they are all

in love with me, at this present writing. This will surprise you extremely; but if you were to see the reigning girls at present, I will assure you, there is little difference between them and old women.

I hear much of Mrs. Murray's despair on the death of poor Gibby, and I saw her dance at a ball where I was, two days before it happened. The duke of Kingston is in France, but is not to come to your capital. I am sorry to inform you of the death of our sister lady Gower's son of the small-pox. I think she has a great deal of reason to regret it; in consideration of the offer I made her two years together of taking the child to my house, where I would have inoculated him with the same care and safety that I did my own.

I know nobody who has hitherto repented the operation, though it has been very troublesome to some fools, who had rather be sick by the doctor's prescrip-

tions, than in health, in rebellion to the college.

It is very true, that if I wrote to you a full account of all that passes, my letters would be both frequent and voluminous. This sinful town is very populous, and my own affairs very much in a hurry; but the same things that afforded me much matter gave me very little time, and I am hardly at leisure to make observations, much less to write them down. But the melancholy catastrophe of poor lady L*** is too extraordinary not to attract the attention of every body. After having played away her reputation and fortune, she has poisoned herself. This is the effect of prudence! All indiscreet people live and flourish. Mrs. M—— has retrieved his grace; and being reconciled to the temporal, has renounced the spiritual; and her friend lady H——, by aiming too high, has fallen very low, and is reduced to trying

to persuade folks she has an intrigue, and gets no one to believe her, the man in question taking a great deal of pains to rid himself of the scandal. Her Chelsea grace of R—— has married her attorney. There's prudence for you!

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, Jan. 1726.

DEAR SISTER,

HAVING a few momentary spirits, I take pen in hand, though 'tis impossible to have tenderness for you, without having the spleen upon reading your letter, which will, I hope, be received as a lawful excuse for the dulness of the following lines; and I plead (as I believe I have on different occasions), that I should please you better if I loved you less. My lord Carleton[1] has left this transitory world, and disposed of his estate as he did of his time, between lady C****n and the duchess of Q****y.

[1] Henry Boyle, fifth son of Richard earl of Orrery, was secretary of state to queen Anne. Created baron Carlton, 1714, and died 1725

Jewels of great value he has given, as he did his affections, first to the mother and then to the daughter. He was taken ill in my company at a concert at the duchess of Marlborough's, and died two days after, holding the fair duchess by the hand, and being fed at the same time with a fine fat chicken; thus dying as he had lived, indulging his pleasures. Lady Hervey, makes the top figure in town, and is so good as *to show* twice a-week at the drawing-room, and twice more at the opera, for the entertainment of the public. As for myself, having nothing to say, I say nothing. I insensibly dwindle into a spectatress, and lead a kind of— as it were.—I wish you were here every day: and I see, in the mean time, lady Stafford and the duchess of Montagu

[1] Mary, daughter of brigadier-general Nicholas Le Pel, formerly maid of honour to the princess of Wales, and mistress of the robes to her when queen Caroline. Married Oct. 25, 1720.

and miss Skerret, and really speak to almost nobody else, though I walk about every where. Adieu, dear sister; if my letters could be any consolation to you, I should think my time best spent in writing them.

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1726.

DEAR SISTER,

I WRIT to you some time ago a long letter, which I perceive never came to your hands: very provoking; it was certainly a *chef d'œuvre* of a letter, and worth any of the Savignys or Grignans, crammed with news. And I can't find in my heart to say much in this, because I believe there is some fault in the direction: as soon as I hear you have received this, you shall have a full and true account of the affairs of this island, my own are in the utmost prosperity; add but eternity, you make it heaven.

I shall come to Paris this summer without fail, and endeavour to put you out of your melancholy.

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, London, 1726.

I AM very sorry for your ill health, but hope it is so entirely past, that you have by this time forgot it. I never was better in my life, nor ever past my hours more agreeably; I ride between London and Twickenham perpetually, and have little societies quite to my taste, and that is saying every thing. I leave the great world to girls that know no better, and do not think one bit the worse of myself for having out-lived a certain giddiness, which is sometimes excusable but never pleasing. Depend upon it, 'tis only the spleen that gives you those ideas; you may have many delightful days to come, and there is nothing more silly than to be too wise to be happy:

If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Montaigne read.

So much for philosophy.—What do you say to Pelham's marriage? There's flame! there's constancy! If I could not employ my time better, I would write the history of their loves, in twelve tomes: lord Hervey should die in her arms like the poor king of Assyria, she should be sometimes carried off by the troops of Masques, and at other times blocked up in the strong castles of the Bagnio; but her honour should always remain inviolate by the strength of her own virtue, and the friendship of the enchantress Mrs. Murray, till her happy nuptials with her faithful Cyrus: 'tis a thousand pities I have not time for those vivacities. Here is a book come out[1], that all our people of taste run mad about; 'tis no

[1] The Travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver.

less than the united work of a dignified clergyman, an eminent physician, and the first poet of the age[1]; and very wonderful it is, God knows!—great eloquence have they employed to prove themselves beasts, and show such a veneration for horses, that since the Essex quaker, nobody has appeared so passionately devoted to that species; and to say truth, they talk of a stable with so much warmth and affection, I cannot help suspecting some very powerful motive at the bottom of it.

M. W. M.

[1] Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

THIS is a vile world, dear sister, and I can easily comprehend, that whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, which most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or downright honest fools; but father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside, —then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers, that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays and seeing those of other people. Yet, sixpennyworth of common sense, divided among a whole nation, would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws, and we follow

customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are answerable for the faults and extravagances of others. All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of nature) I am satisfied I have been one of *the condemned* ever since I was born; and in submission to the divine justice I have no doubt but I deserved it in some pre-existent state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that after whining and pining a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural, and custom reasonable; that is, in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour, at Thoresby? we then

thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Then came——though, after all, I am still of opinion, that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up a spirit, and live upon cordials when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles in my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel[1], who is at present every thing I like—but, alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen, she may run away with the butler:—there's one of the blessed effects of disappointment; you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quèlle vie!!!*

M. W. M.

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[1] Her daughter, afterward countess of Bute.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

I CANNOT deny, but that I was very well diverted on the coronation day. I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster-hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance, as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes, was indisputably lady Orkney. She exposed behind a mixture

[library stamp]

of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my lady St. J***n had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor duchess of M***se crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face, and my lady P***nd (who is fallen away since her dismission from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than any thing

in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity. I have nevcr received the long letter you talk of, and am afraid that you have only fancied that you wrote it. Adieu, dear sister; I am affectionately yours.

M. Wortley Montagu.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

My lady Stafford[1] set out towards France this morning, and has carried half the pleasures of my life along with her; I am more stupid than I can describe, and am as full of moral reflections as either Cambray or Pascal. I think of nothing but the nothingness of the good things of this world, the transitoriness of its joys, the pungency of its sorrows, and many discoveries that have been made these three thousand years, and commit-

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[1] Claude Charlotte, daughter of Philibert, count of Grammont (author of the celebrated Memoirs), and "La Belle Hamilton," eldest daughter of sir George Hamilton, bart. was married to Henry Stafford Howard, earl of Stafford, at St. Germain's-en-laye, 1694.

ted to print, ever since the first presses. I advise you, as the best thing you can do that day, let it happen as it will, to visit lady Stafford: she has the goodness to carry with her a true-born Englishwoman, who is neither good nor bad, nor capable of being either; lady Phil Prat by name, of the Hamilton family, and who will be glad of your acquaintance, and you can never be sorry for hers[1].

Peace or war, cross or pile, makes all the conversation; the town never was fuller, and, God be praised, some people *brille* in it who *brilled* twenty years ago. My cousin Buller is of that number, who is just what she was in all respects when she inhabited Bond-street. The sprouts of this age are such green withered things, 'tis a great comfort to us grown up people: I except my own

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[1] Lady Philippa Hamilton, daughter of James earl of Abercorn, and wife of Dr. Pratt, dean of Downe.

daughter, who is to be the ornament of the ensuing court. I beg you would exact from lady Stafford a particular of her perfections, which would sound suspected from my hand; at the same time I must do justice to a little twig belonging to my sister Gower. Miss Jenny is like the duchess of Queensberry both in face and spirit. *A propos* of family affairs: I had almost forgot our dear and amiable cousin lady Denbigh, who has blazed out all this winter; she has brought with her from Paris cart-loads of riband, surprising fashion, and of the last edition, which naturally attracts all the she and he fools in London; and accordingly she is surrounded with a little court of both, and keeps a Sunday assembly to shew she has learned to play at cards, on that day. Lady Frances[1]

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[1] Afterward the countess of Winchelsea. Died 1734.

Fielding is really the prettiest woman in town, and has sense enough to make one's heart ache to see her surrounded with such as her relations are. The man in England that gives the greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain, is a youth of royal blood, with all his grandmother's beauty, wit, and good qualities. In short, he is Nell Gwin in person, with the sex altered, and occasions such fracas amongst the ladies of gallantry that it passes description. You'll stare to hear of her grace of Cleveland at the head of them[1]. If I was poetical I would tell you—

1.

The god of love, enrag'd to see
The nymph despise his flame,
At dice and cards misspend her nights,
And slight a nobler game;

[1] Anne, daughter of sir W. Pulteney of Misterton, in the county of Stafford; remarried to Philip Southcote, esq. Died 1746.

2.

For the neglect of offers past
And pride in days of yore,
He kindles up a fire at last,
That burns her at threescore.

3.

A polish'd wile is smoothly spread
Where whilome wrinkles lay;
And, glowing with an artful red,
She ogles at the play.

4.

Along the Mall she softly sails,
In white and silver drest;
Her neck expos'd to Eastern gales,
And jewels on her breast.

5.

Her children banish'd, age forgot,
Lord Sidney is her care;
And, what is much a happier lot,
Has hopes to be her *heir*.

This is all true history, though it is doggrel rhyme: in good earnest she has turned lady Barbara[1] and family out of

[1] Lady Barbara Fitzroy, afterward countess of Darlington.

doors to make room for him, and there he lies like leaf-gold upon a pill; there never was so violent and so indiscreet a passion. Lady Stafford says nothing was ever like it, since Phædra and Hippolitus.—" Lord ha' mercy upon us! See what we may all come to!"

M. W. M.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Cavendish-square, 1727.

I TAKE this occasion of writing to you, though I have received no answer to my last; but if my letters can give you either consolation or amusement, you need never want them. I have no good opinion of sorrow in general, and think no sort of it worth cherishing. You will wonder, perhaps, that lord Gower is become a great courtier; and that there is not one tory left in England. There is something extremely risible in these affairs, but not so proper to be communicated by letter; and so I will, in an humble way, return to my domestics. I hear your daughter is a very fine young lady, and I wish you joy of it, as one of the greatest blessings of life. My

girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction, but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant. If I were inclined to lay worldly matters to heart, I could write a quire of complaints about it. You see no one is quite happy, though 'tis pretty much in my nature to console upon all occasions. I advise you to do the same, as the only remedy against the vexations of life; which in my conscience I think affords disagreeable things to the highest ranks, and comforts to the very lowest; so that, upon the whole, things are more equally disposed among the sons of Adam, than they are generally thought to be. You see my philosophy is not so *lugubre* as yours. I am so far from avoiding company, that I seek it on all occasions; and, when I am no longer an actor upon this stage (by the way, I talk of twenty years hence at the soonest), as a spectator I

shall laugh at the farcical actions which may then be represented, nature being exceedingly bountiful in all ages in providing coxcombs, who are the greatest preservatives against the spleen that I ever could find out. I say all these things for your edification; which rules, if you execute with prudence, will disperse melancholy vapours, the sure foundation of all distempers.

I am your affectionate sister,

MARY W. MONTAGU.

LETTERS

TO

MR. WORTLEY,

DURING

HER SECOND RESIDENCE ABROAD;

From 1739 to 1761.

VOL. III. O

LETTERS

TO

MR. WORTLEY.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Calais, July 27, 1739.

I AM safely arrived at Calais, and found myself better on ship-board than I have been these six months; not in the least sick, though we had a very high sea, as you may imagine, since we came over in two hours and three quarters. My servants behaved very well; and Mary not in the least afraid, but said she would be drowned very willingly with my ladyship. They ask me here extravagant prices for chaises, of which there are

great choice, both French and Italian: I have at last bought one for fourteen guineas, of a man whom Mr. Hall recommended to me. My things have been examined and sealed at the Custom-house: they took from me a pound of snuff, but did not open my jewel-boxes, which they let pass on my word, being things belonging to my dress. I set out early to-morrow. I am very impatient to hear from you: I could not stay for the post at Dover for fear of losing the tide. I beg you would be so good as to order Mr. Kent to pack up my side-saddle, and all the tackle belonging to it, in a box, to be sent with my other things: if (as I hope) I recover my health abroad so much as to ride, I can get none I shall like so well.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Dijon, Aug. 18, 1739, N. S.

I AM at length arrived here very safely, and without any bad accident; and so much mended in my health, that I am surprised at it. France is so much improved, it would not be known to be the same country we passed through, twenty years ago. Every thing I see speaks in praise of cardinal Fleury: the roads are all mended, and the greater part of them paved as well as the streets of Paris, planted on both sides like the roads in Holland; and such good care taken against robbers, that you may cross the country with your purse in your hand: but as to travelling *incognita*, I may as well walk *incognita* in the Pall-Mall. There is not any town in France where

there are not English, Scotch, or Irish families established; and I have met with people that have seen me (though often such as I do not remember to have seen) in every town I have passed through; and I think the farther I go, the more acquaintance I meet. Here are in this town no less than sixteen English families of fashion. Lord Mansel lodges in the house with me, and a daughter of lord Bathurst's (Mrs. Whitshed) is in the same street. The duke of Rutland is gone from hence some time ago, as lady Peterborough told me at St. Omer's; which was one reason that determined me to come here, thinking to be quiet; but I find it impossible, and that will make me leave the place, after the return of this post. The French are more changed than their roads; instead of pale, yellow faces, wrapped up in blankets, as we saw them, the villages are all filled with fresh-coloured lusty peasants,

in good clothes and clean linen. It is incredible what an air of plenty and content is over the whole country. I hope to hear as soon as possible, that you are in good health.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Turin, Sept. 10, 1739.

I AM now, thank God, happily past the Alps. I believe I wrote to you, that I had met English of my acquaintance in every town in France. This fortune continued to the last; for at Port Beauvoisin I met lord Carlisle, who was in the inn when I arrived, and immediately came to offer me his room, his cook to dress my supper (he himself having supped before I came in), and all sorts of civility. We passed the evening together, and had a great deal of discourse. He said he liked Rome so well, that he should not have left it so soon, but on the account of lord Morpeth, who was so ill there, that he was not yet recover-

ed, and now carried in a litter. His distemper has been the bloody flux, which returned upon him in the mountains with so much violence, they had been kept three weeks at a miserable village; he is still so weak that I did not see him. My lord Carlisle[1] told me that next to Rome the best place to stay in Italy is, without contradiction, Venice: that the impertinence of the little sovereigns in other countries is intolerable. I have no objection to his advice, but the fear of the air not agreeing with me, though my journey has now so far established my health, that I have lost all my bad symptoms, and am ready to think I could even bear the damps of London. I will therefore venture to try, and if I find Venice too cold or moist (which I am

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[1] Henry Howard, earl of Carlisle, died 1758, and his son Charles, lord Morpeth, in August, 1741.

more afraid of), I can remove very easily; though I resolve against Rome, on an account, which you may guess. My lord Carlisle said, he thought me in the right; that it is very hard to avoid meeting a certain person; and there are so many little dirty spies that write any lie which comes in their heads, that the doing it may be dangerous. I have received a letter from lady Pomfret, that she is leaving Vienna, and intends for Venice, which is another inducement to me to go there; but the chief is the hopes of living as quietly and as privately as I please, which hitherto I have found impossible. The English resident here, Mr. Villette, &c. came to wait on me the very night of my arrival, to my great surprise. I found the intelligence came from the king of Sardinia's officers, who were at Pont Voisin, and had learnt my name from lord Carlisle's servants. I have

been obliged to excuse my going to court, as having no court-dress, and saying that I intended to leave the town in a few days. However, I have not been able to avoid the visits that have been made to me.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Venice, Sept. 25, 1739.

I AM at length happily arrived here, I thank God; I wish it had been my original plan, which would have saved me some money and fatigue; though I have not much reason to regret the last, since I am convinced it has greatly contributed to the restoration of my health. I met nothing disagreeable on my journey but too much company. I find (contrary to the rest of the world) I did not think myself so considerable as I am; for I verily believe, if one of the Pyramids of Egypt had travelled, it could not have been more followed; and if I had received all the visits that have been intended me, I should have stopped at least two years in every town I came

through. I liked Milan so well, that if I had not desired all my letters to be directed hither, I think I should have been tempted to stay there. One of the pleasures I found there was the Borromean library, where all strangers have free access; and not only so, but liberty, on giving a note for it, to take any printed book home with them. I saw several curious manuscripts there; and as a proof of my recovery, I went up to the very top of the dome of the great church without any assistance. I am now in a lodging on the great canal. Lady Pomfret[1] is not yet arrived, but I expect her very soon; and if the air does not disa-

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[1] Henrietta Louisa, daughter and heir of lord chancellor Jefferies, wife of Thomas earl of Pomfret. She resided chiefly at Rome, where she wrote the Life of Vandyck. A part of the collection of marbles made by Thomas earl of Arundel, having been purchased by William earl of Pomfret, was given by her to the university of Oxford, in 1758.

gree with me, I intend seeing the Carnival here. I hope your health continues, and that I shall hear from you very soon.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Venice, October 14, 1739.

I FIND myself very well here. I am visited by the most considerable people of the town, and all the foreign ministers, who have most of them made entertainments for me. I dined yesterday at the Spanish embassador's, who even surpassed the French in magnificence. He let me in at the hall-door, and the lady met me at the stair-head, to conduct me through the long apartment; in short, they could not have shewn me more honours, if I had been an embassadress. She desired me to think myself Patrona del Casa, and offered me all the services in her power, to wait on me when I pleased, &c. They have the finest palace in Venice. What is very convenient, I

hear it is not at all expected that I should make any dinners, it not being the fashion for any body to do it here, but the foreign ministers; and I find I can live here very genteelly on my allowance. I have already a very agreeable general acquaintance; though when I came, here was no one I had ever seen in my life, but the cavaliere Grimani and the abbé Conti. I must do them the justice to say they have taken pains to be obliging to me. The procurator brought his niece (who is at the head of his family) to wait on me; and they invited me to reside with them at their palace on the Brent, but I did not think it proper to accept of it. He also introduced to me the signora Pisani Mocenigo, who is the most considerable lady here. The nuncio is particularly civil to me; he has been several times to see me, and has offered me the use of his box at the opera. I have many others

at my service, and in short it is impossible for a stranger to be better received than I am. Here are no English, except a Mr. Berlie and his governour, who arrived two days ago, and who intend but a short stay.

I hope you are in good health, and that I shall hear of it before you can receive this letter.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Venice, Dec. 25, 1739, O. S.

I RECEIVED yours yesterday dated Dec. 7. I find my health very well here, notwithstanding the cold, which is very sharp, but the sun shines as clear as at midsummer. I am treated here with more distinction than I could possibly expect. I went to see the ceremony of high mass celebrated by the doge, on Christmas eve. He appointed a gallery for me and the prince of Wolfembatch, where no other person was admitted but those of our company. A greater compliment could not have been paid me if I had been a sovereign princess. The doge's niece (he having no lady) met me at the palace-gate, and led me through the palace to the church of St.

Mark, where the ceremony was performed in the pomp you know, and we were not obliged to any act of adoration. The electoral prince of Saxony is here in public, and makes a prodigious expence. His governor is count Wackerbart, son to that madame Wackerbart with whom I was so intimate at Vienna; on which account he shews me particular civilities, and obliges his pupil to do the same. I was last night at an entertainment made for him by the signora Pisani Mocenigo, which was one of the finest I ever saw, and he desired me to sit next to him in a great chair: in short I have all the reason that can be, to be satisfied with my treatment in this town; and I am glad I met lord Carlisle, who directed me hither.

I have so little correspondence at London, I should be pleased to hear from you whatever happens among my ac-

quaintance. I am sorry for Mr. Pelham's misfortune[1]; though 'tis long since, that I have looked on the hopes of continuing a family as one of the vainest of mortal prospects.

> Tho' Solomon, with a thousand wives,
> To get a wise successor strives;
> But one, and he a fool, survives.

The procurator of St. Mark has desired his compliments to you whenever I write.

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[1] The death of his two sons on two following days, Nov. 27, 28, 1739.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Venice, Jan. 25, 1739-40.

I WROTE to you last post; but as I do not know whether I was particular enough in answering all the questions you asked me, I add the following account, which I do not wonder will surprise you, since both the procurator Grimani and the abbé Conté tell me often, that these last twenty years have so far changed the customs of Venice, that they hardly know it for the same country. Here are several foreign ladies of quality, I mean Germans, and from other parts of Italy; but not one Frenchwoman. They are all well received by the gentil donnas, who make a vanity in introducing them to the assemblies and their public diversions, though all those

ladies, as well as myself, go frequently to the princesse of Campo Florida's (the Spanish embassadress') assembly. She is in a very particular manner obliging to me, and is I really think one of the best sort of women I ever knew. The Neapolitan (though he has been here some months) makes his public entry to-day, which I am to go see about an hour hence. He gives a great entertainment to-night, where all the noble Venetians of both sexes will be in masque. I am engaged to go with the signora Justiniani Gradinego, who is one of the first ladies here. The prince of Saxony has invited me to come into his box at the opera; but I have not yet accepted of it, he having always the four ladies with him that are wives to the four senators deputed to do the honours of Venice; and I am afraid they should think I interfere with them in the honour of his conversation, which they are very fond

of, and have behaved very coldly to some other noble Venetian ladies that have taken the liberty of his box. I will be directed in this (as I am in all public matters) by the procurator Grimani. My letter is shortened by the arrival of the signora.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Venice, March 29, 1740.

THE letters Mr. Waters mentions from —— were pretty much in the usual style; he desires to leave the town where he now is, because he says there is no temptation to riot, and he would shew how able he is to resist it: I answer him this post, and shall endeavour to shew him mildly the necessity of being easy in his present situation. Now lord Granby[1] leaves this place to-morrow, to set out for Constantinople; the prince of Saxony stays till the second of May; in the mean time there are entertainments

[1] John Manners, the heroic marquis of Granby, was born in 1720. Commander in chief in Germany, 1762. Died 1770.

given him almost every day of one sort or other, and a Regatta preparing, which is expected by all strangers with great impatience. He went to see the arsenal three days ago, waited on, by a numerous nobility of both sexes; the Bucentaur was adorned and launched, a magnificent collation given, and we sailed a little way in it: I was in company with the signora Justiniani Gradinego, and signora Marina Crizzo. As you have been at Venice, there is no occasion of describing those things to you. There were two cannons founded in his presence, and a galley built and launched in an hour's time. Last night there was a concert of voices and instruments at the Hospital of the Incurabili, where there were two girls that in the opinion of all people excel either Faustina or Cazzoni, but you know they are never permitted to sing on any theatre.

Lord Fitzwilliam is expected in this town to-night, on his return to England, as I am told. The prince's behaviour is very obliging to all, and in no part of it liable to censure, though I think there is nothing to be said in praise of his genius; and I suppose you know he has been lame from his birth, and is carried about in a chair, though a beautiful person from the waist upwards: It is said his family design him for the church, he having four brothers who are fine children. The weather is now very fine; we have had none of the canals frozen, in the coldest part of the winter, but the mountains are still covered with snow.

Your last letters have said nothing of my baggage. If there is danger of its being taken by the privateers, I had rather it staid in England, and I would

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[1] He died 1756.

go into the southern part of France, where it might be conveyed to me without hazard, than risk the loss of it.—If there is a probability of a rupture with France, I can go to Avignon.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Venice, April 19, 1740, N.S.

I RECEIVED yours of January 1 but yesterday; for which reason I think it useless to answer it at present, but if I find any occasion shall not fail to follow your orders. Lord Granby is set out on his journey for Constantinople. Lord Fitzwilliam arrived here three days ago; he came to see me the next day, as all the English do, who are much surprised at the civilities and the familiarity with which I am received by the noble ladies. Every body tells me 'tis what never was done but to myself; and I own I have a little vanity in it, because the French embassador told me when I first came,

that though the procurator Grimani might persuade them to visit me, he defied me to enter into any sort of intimacy with them: instead of which they call me out almost every day on some diversion or other, and are desirous to have me in all their parties of pleasure. I am invited to-morrow to the Foscarini to dinner, which is to be followed by a concert and a ball, where I shall be the only stranger, though here are at present a great number come to see the Regatta, which is fixed for the 29th of this month, N.S. I shall see it at the procurator Grimani's, where there will be a great entertainment that day. My own house is very well situated to see it, being on the Grand Canal; but I would not refuse him and his niece, since they seem desirous of my company, and I shall oblige some other ladies with my win-

dows. They are hired at a great rate to see the show. I suppose you know the nature of it, but if it will be any amusement I will send you a particular description.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Venice, June 1, 1740.

I WROTE you a long letter yesterday, which I sent by a private hand, who will see it safely delivered. It is impossible to be better treated, I may even say more courted, than I am here. I am very glad of your good fortune at London. You may remember, I have always told you it is in your power to make the first figure in the House of Commons. As to the bill, I perfectly remember the paying of it; which you may easily believe when you enquire, that all auction bills are paid at farthest within eight days after the sale: The date of this is March 1, and I did not leave London till July 25; and in that time have been at many other auctions, particularly lord Hali-

fax's, which was a short time before my journey. This is not the first of Cock's mistakes; he is famous for making them, which are (he says) the fault of his servants. You seem to mention the Regatta in a manner as if you would be pleased with a description of it. It is a race of boats: they are accompanied by vessels which they call Piotes or Bichones, that have a mind to display their magnificence; they are a sort of machines adorned with all that sculpture and gilding can do to make a shining appearance. Several of them cost one thousand pounds sterling, and I believe none less than five hundred; they are rowed by gondoliers dressed in rich habits, suitable to what they represent. There were enough of them to look like a little fleet, and I own I never saw a finer sight. It would be too long to describe every one in particular, I shall only name the principal:—The Signora Pisani Mo-

cinego's represented the Chariot of the Night, drawn by four sea-horses, and shewing the rising of the moon, accompanied with stars, the statues on each side representing the hours to the number of twenty-four, rowed by gondoliers in rich liveries, which were changed three times, all of equal richness, and the decorations changed also to the dawn of Aurora and the mid-day sun, the statues being new dressed every time, the first in green, the second time red, and the last blue, all equally laced with silver, there being three races. Signor Soranto represented the kingdom of Poland, with all the provinces and rivers in that dominion, with a concert of the best instrumental music in rich Polish habits; the painting and gilding were exquisite in their kinds. Signor Contairni's piote shewed the liberal arts; Apollo was seated on the stern upon mount Parnassus, Pegasus behind, and the Muses

seated round him: opposite was a figure representing Painting, with Fame blowing her trumpet; and on each side Sculpture and Music in their proper dresses. The procurator Foscarini's was the chariot of Flora guided by Cupids, and adorned with all sorts of flowers, rose-trees, &c. Signor Julio Contarini's represented the triumphs of Valour; Victory was on the stern, and all the ornaments warlike trophies of every kind. Signor Correri's was the Adriatic Sea receiving into her arms the Hope of Saxony. Signor Alvisio Mocenigo's was the garden of Hesperides; the whole fable was represented by different statues. Signor Querini had the chariot of Venus drawn by doves, so well done, they seemed ready to fly upon the water; the Loves and Graces attended her. Signor Paul Doria had the chariot of Diana, who appeared hunting in a large wood; the trees, hounds, stag, and nymphs, all done

naturally: the gondoliers dressed like peasants attending the chace; and Endymion, lying under a large tree, gazing on the goddess. Signor Angelo Labbia represented Poland crowning Saxony, waited on by the Virtues and subject Provinces. Signor Angelo Molino was Neptune waited on by the Rivers. Signor Vicenzo Morosini's piote shewed the triumphs of Peace; Discord being chained at her feet, and she, surrounded with the Pleasures, &c.

I believe you are already weary of this description, which can give you but a very imperfect idea of the show; but I must say one word of the bichonis, which are less vessels, quite open, some representing gardens, others apartments, all the oars being gilt either with gold or silver, and the gondoliers' liveries either velvet or rich silk, with a profusion of lace, fringe, and embroidery. I saw this show at the procurator Grimani's house,

which was near the place where the prizes were delivered: there was a great assembly invited on the same occasion, which were all nobly entertained. I can get no better ink here, though I have tried several times, and it is a great vexation to me to want it.

[library stamp]

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Florence, Aug. 11, 1740.

THIS is a very fine town, and I am much amused with visiting the gallery, which I do not doubt you remember too well to need any description of. Lord and lady Pomfret take pains to make the place agreeable to me, and I have been visited by the greatest part of the people of quality. Here is an opera which I have heard twice, but it is not so fine either for voices or decorations as that at Venice. I am very willing to be at Leghorn when my things arrive, which I fear will hinder my visiting Rome this season, except they come sooner than is generally expected. If I could go from thence by sea to Naples with safety, I should prefer it to a land journey, which

I am told is very difficult; and that it is impossible I should stay there long, the people being entirely unsociable. I do not desire much company, but would not confine myself to a place where I could see none. I have written to your daughter, directed to Scotland, this post.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Rome, Oct. 24, 1740.

I ARRIVED here in good health three days ago, and this is the first post-day. I have taken a lodging for a month, which is (as they tell me) but a short time to take a view of all the antiquities, &c. that are to be seen. From hence I purpose to set out for Naples. I am told by every body that I shall not find it agreeable to reside in. I expect lady Pomfret here in a few days. It is summer here, and I left winter at Florence; the snows having begun to fall on the mountains. I shall probably see the new ceremony of the Pope's taking possession of the Vatican, which is said to be the finest, that is ever performed at Rome. I have no news to send from hence. If you would

have me speak to any particular point, I beg you will let me know it, and I will give you the best information I am able.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Rome, Nov. 1, 1740, N. S.

I HAVE now been here a week, and am very well diverted with viewing the fine buildings, paintings, and antiquities. I have neither made nor received one visit, nor sent word to any body of my arrival, on purpose to avoid interruptions of that sort. The weather is so fine that I walk every evening in a different beautiful garden; and I own I am charmed with what I see of this town, though there yet remains a great deal more to be seen. I purpose making a stay of a month, which shall be entirely taken up in that employment, and then I will remove to Naples, to avoid, if possible, feeling the winter. I do not trouble you with any descriptions, since you have been here,

and I suppose very well remember every thing that is worth remembering; but (as I mentioned in my last) if you would have me speak to any particular point, I will give you the best information in my power. Direct your next letter to Monsieur Belloni, Banquier, à Rome. He will take care to deliver it to me, either here or at Naples. Letters are very apt to miscarry, especially those to this place.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Rome, Nov. 12, 1740.

I SHALL set out for Naples on next Friday: I do not doubt liking the situation, but by all the information I can get, it will be every way improper for my residence; and I purpose no longer stay there, than is necessary to see what is curious. I have been very diligent in viewing every thing here; making no acquaintance, that I might have no interruption. Here is a statue of Antinous lately found, which is said to be equal to any in Rome, and is to be sold; perhaps the duke of Bedford might be glad to hear of it. I do not hear of one valuable picture that is to be purchased. It has been this last week as dark and rainy as ever I saw it in England. Your letter of

September 23 came to me but this day. I perceive letters are stopped and perused more carefully than ever, which hinders my writing any of the reports I hear; some of them are very extraordinary. The emperor's embassador here has taken the character of the queen of Bohemia's, and, as such, presented his credentials, which have been received.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Naples, Nov. 23, N. S. 1740.

I ARRIVED here last night, after a very disagreeable journey: I would not in my last give you any account of the present state of Rome, knowing all letters are opened there; but I cannot help mentioning what is more curious than all the antiquities, which is, that there is literally no money in the whole town, where they follow Mr. Law's scheme, and live wholly upon paper.

Belloni, who is the greatest banker not only of Rome but all Italy, furnished me with fifty sequins, which he solemnly swore was all the money he had in the house. They go to market with paper, pay the lodgings with paper, and, in short, there is no specie to be seen, which

raises the price of every thing to the utmost extravagance, nobody knowing what to ask for their goods. It is said the present Pope (who has a very good character) has declared he will endeavour a remedy, though it is very difficult to find one. He was bred a lawyer, and has passed the greatest part of his life in that profession; and is so sensible of the misery of the state, that he is reported to have said, that he never thought himself in want, till his elevation. He has no relations that he takes any notice of; but the country belonging to him, which I have passed, is almost uninhabited, and in a poverty beyond any thing I ever saw. The kingdom of Naples appears gay and flourishing; and the town so crowded with people, that I have with great difficulty got a very sorry lodging.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Naples, Dec. 6, 1740.

I HEARD last night the good news of the arrival of the ship on which my things are loaded, at Leghorn: it would be easy to have them conveyed hither: I like the climate extremely, which is now so soft, that I am actually sitting without any want of a fire. I do not find the people so savage as they were represented to me. I have received visits from several of the principal ladies; and I think I could meet with as much company here as I desire; but here is one article both disagreeable and incommodious, which is the grandeur of the equipages. Two coaches, two running footmen, four other footmen, a gentleman usher, and two pages, are as necessary here as the

attendance of a single servant is at London. All the Spanish customs are observed very rigorously. I could content myself with all of them except this: but I see plainly, from my own observation as well as intelligence, that it is not to be dispensed with, which I am heartily vexed at.

The affairs of Europe are now so uncertain, that it appears reasonable to me to wait a little, before I fix my residence, that I may not find myself in the theatre of war, which is threatened on all sides. I hope you have the continuation of your health; mine is very well established at present. The town lately discovered is at Portici, about three miles from this place. Since the first discovery, no care has been taken, and the ground fallen in, so that the present passage to it is, as I am told by every body, extremely dangerous, and for some time, nobody ventures into it. I have been assured by some

English gentlemen, who were let down into it the last year, that the whole account given in the newspapers is literally true, probably great curiosities might be found there; but there has been no expence made, either by propping the ground or clearing a way into it; and as the earth falls in daily, it will possibly be soon stopped up, as it was before. I wrote to you last post, a particular account of my reasons for not choosing my residence here, though the air is very agreeable to me, and I see I could have as much company as I desire; but I am persuaded the climate is much changed, since you knew it. The weather is now very moist and misty, and has been so for a long time; however it is much softer than in any other place I know. I desire you would direct to monsieur Belloni, banker, at Rome: he will forward

your letters wherever I am; the present uncertain situation of affairs all over Europe makes every correspondence precarious.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Rome, Jan. 13, 1740-1, N.S.

I RETURNED hither last night, after six week' stay at Naples; great part of that time was vainly taken up in endeavouring to satisfy your curiosity and my own, in relation to the late-discovered town of Herculaneum. I waited eight days in hopes of permission to see the pictures and other rarities taken from thence, which are preserved in the king's palace at Portici; but I found it was to no purpose; his majesty keeping the key in his own cabinet, which he would not part with, though the prince de Zathia (who is one of his favourites) I believe very sincerely tried his interest to obtain it for me. He is son to the Spanish embassador I knew at Venice, and both he

and his lady loaded me with civilities at Naples. The court in general is more barbarous than any of the ancient Goths. One proof of it, among many others, was melting down a beautiful copper statue of a vestal found in this new ruin, to make medallions for the late solemn christening. The whole court follow the Spanish customs and politics. I could say a good deal on this subject if I thought my letter would come safe to your hands; the apprehension it may not, hinders my answering another enquiry you make, concerning a family here, of which indeed I can say little, avoiding all commerce with those that frequent it. Here are some young English travellers; among them lord Strafford [1]

[1] William Wentworth, the fourth earl of Strafford, married lady Anne, second daughter of John duke of Argyll, sister of lady Mary Coke and lady Betty Mackenzie. He built Wentworth castle, in Yorkshire, and was eminently skilled in architecture

behaves himself really very modestly and genteelly, and has lost the pertness he acquired in his mother's assembly. Lord Lincoln appears to have spirit and sense, and professes great abhorrence of all measures destructive to the liberty of his country. I do not know how far the young men may be corrupted on their return, but the majority of those I have seen, have seemed strongly in the same sentiment. Lady Newburgh's eldest daughter, whom I believe you may have seen at lord Westmorland's, is married to count Mahony, who is in great figure at Naples: she was extremely obliging to me; they made a fine entertainment for me, carried me to the opera, and were civil to me to the utmost of their power. If you should happen to see Mrs.

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and vertú. He enjoyed an intimate friendship with the last lord Orford, in the fifth volume of whose works his correspondence is published from 1756 to 1790.

Bulkely, I wish you would make her some compliment upon it. I received this day yours of the 20th and 28th of November.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Leghorn, Feb. 25, 1740-1, N. S.

I ARRIVED here last night, and have received this morning the bill of seven hundred and five dollars, odd money.

I shall be a little more particular in my accounts from hence than I durst be from Rome, where all the letters are opened and often stopped. I hope you had mine, relating to the antiquities in Naples. I shall now say something of the court of Rome. The first minister, cardinal Valenti, has one of the best characters I ever heard of, though of no great birth, and has made his fortune by an attachment to the duchess of Salviah. The present pope is very much beloved, and seems desirous to ease the people and deliver them out of the miserable

poverty they are reduced to. I will send you the history of his elevation, as I had it from a very good hand, if it will be any amusement to you. I never saw the chevalier, during my whole stay at Rome. I saw his two sons at a public ball in masque; they were very richly adorned with jewels. The eldest seems thoughtless enough, and is really not unlike Mr. Lyttleton[1] in his shape and air. The youngest is very well made, dances finely, and has an ingenuous countenance; he is but fourteen years of age. The family live very splendidly, yet pay every body, and (wherever they get it) are certainly in no want of money. I heard at Rome the truly tragical history of the princess Sobeiski, which is very different from what was said at London. The pope, Clement the Twelfth, was

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[1] George Lord Lyttleton.

commonly supposed her lover, and she used to go about publicly in his state coach to the great scandal of the people. Her husband's mistress spirited him up to resent it, so far that he left Rome upon it, and she retired to a convent, where she destroyed herself. The English travellers at Rome behaved in general very discreetly. I have reason to speak well of them, since they were all exceedingly obliging to me. It may sound a little vain to say it, but they really paid a regular court to me, as if I had been their queen, and their governors told me, that the desire of my approbation had a very great influence on their conduct. While I staid there was neither gaming nor any sort of extravagance. I used to preach to them very freely, and they all thanked me for it. I shall stay some time in this town,

where I expect lady Pomfret. I think I have answered every particular you seemed curious about. If there be any other point you would have me speak of, I will be as exact as I can.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Turin, April 11, 1741.

I TAKE this opportunity of writing to you on many subjects in a freer manner than I durst do by the post, knowing that all letters are opened both here and in other places, which occasions them to be often lost, besides other inconveniences that may happen. The English politics are the general jest of all the nations I have passed through; and even those who profit by our folly cannot help laughing at our notorious blunders; though they are all persuaded that the minister does not act from weakness but corruption, and that the Spanish gold influences his measures. I had a long discourse with count Mahony on this

subject, who said, very freely, that half the ships sent to the coast of Naples, that have lain idle in our ports last summer, would have frightened the queen of Spain into a submission to whatever terms we thought proper to impose. The people, who are loaded with taxes, hate the Spanish government, of which I had daily proofs, hearing them curse the English for bringing their king to them, whenever they saw any of our nation: but I am not much surprised at the ignorance of our ministers, after seeing what creatures they employ to send them intelligence. Except Mr. Villette, at this court, there is not one that has common sense: I say this without prejudice, all of them having been as civil and serviceable to me as they could. I was told at Rome, and convinced of it by circumstances, that there have been great endeavours to raise up a sham plot: the person who told it me was an English an-

tiquarian, who said he had been offered any money to send accusations. The truth is, he had carried a letter, written by Mr. Mann[1], from Florence to that purpose to him, which he shewed in the English palace; however, I believe he is a spy, and made use of that stratagem to gain credit. This court makes great preparations for war: the king is certainly no bright genius, but has great natural humanity: his minister, who has absolute power, is generally allowed to have sense; as a proof of it, he is not hated as the generality of ministers are. I have seen neither of them, not going to court because I will not be at the trouble and expence of the dress, which is the same as at Vienna. I sent my excuse by Mr. Villette, as I hear is commonly practised by ladies that are only passengers. I have had a great number of visitors; the

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[1] Sir Horace Mann.

nobility piquing themselves on civility to strangers. The weather is still exceedingly cold, and I do not intend to move till I have the prospect of a pleasant journey.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Genoa, July 15, 1741.

It is so long since I have heard from you, that though I hope your silence is occasioned by your being in the country, yet I cannot help being very uneasy, and in some apprehension that you are indisposed. I wrote you word, some time ago, that I have taken a house here for the remainder of the summer, and desired you would direct, *recommandé à monsieur Birtles, consul de S. M. Britannique.* I saw in the last newspapers (which he sends me) the death of Lord Oxford. I am vexed at it, for the reasons you know, and recollect what I 've often heard you say, that it is impossible to judge what is best for ourselves. I received yesterday the bill for ——, for which I return you

thanks. If I wrote you all the political stories I hear, I should have a great deal to say. A great part is not true, and what I think so, I dare not mention, in consideration of the various hands this paper must pass through before it reaches you. Lord Lincoln[1] and Mr. Walpole[2] (youngest son to sir Robert) left this place two days ago; they visited me during their short stay; they are gone to Marseilles, and design passing some months in the south of France.——I have had a particular account of lord Orford's death[3] from a very good hand, which he advanced by choice, refusing all remedies till it was too late to make

[1] Henry Clinton, earl of Lincoln, married Catharine, daughter of Henry Pelham, and was afterward duke of Newcastle.

[2] Honourable Horace Walpole, the last earl of Orford, then on his travels.

[3] Robert, the second earl of Orford, died in June, 1741.

use of them. There was a will found, dated 1728, in which he gave every thing to my lady; which has affected her very much. Notwithstanding the many reasons she had to complain of him, I always thought there was more weakness than dishonesty in his actions, and is a confirmation of the truth of that maxim of Mr. Rochefoucault, *un sot n'a pas assez d'étoffe pour être honnête homme.*

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Genoa, Aug. 25, 1741, N.S.

I RECEIVED yours of the 27th July this morning. I had that of March 19, which I answered very particularly the following post, with many thanks for the increase of my allowance. It appears to me that the letters I wrote between the 11th of April and the 31st of May were lost, which I am not surprised at. I was then at Turin, and that court in a very great confusion, and extremely jealous of me, thinking I came to examine their conduct. I have some proof of this, which I do not repeat, lest this should be stopped also.

The manners of Italy are so much changed since we were here last, the alteration is scarcely credible. They say

it has been by the last war. The French, being masters, introduced all their customs, which were eagerly embraced by the ladies, and I believe will never be laid aside; yet the different governments make different manners in every state. You know, though the republic is not rich, here are many private families vastly so, and live at a great superfluous expence: all the people of the first quality keep coaches as fine as the Speaker's, and some of them two or three, though the streets are too narrow to use them in the town; but they take the air in them, and their chairs carry them to the gates. The liveries are all plain: gold or silver being forbidden to be worn within the walls, the habits are all obliged to be black, but they wear exceedingly fine lace and linen; and in their country-houses, which are generally in the faux-bourg, they dress very richly, and have extremely fine jewels. Here is nothing

cheap but houses. A palace fit for a prince may be hired for fifty pounds per annum: I mean unfurnished. All games of chance are strictly prohibited, and it seems to me the only law they do not try to evade: they play at quadrille, picquet, &c. but not high. Here are no regular public assemblies. I have been visited by all of the first rank, and invited to several fine dinners, particularly to the wedding of one of the House of Spinola, where there were ninety-six sat down to table, and I think the entertainment one of the finest I ever saw. There was the night following a ball and supper for the same company, with the same profusion. They tell me that all their great marriages are kept in the same public manner. Nobody keeps more than two horses, all their journeys being post; the expence of them, including the coachman, is (I am told) fifty pounds per annum. A chair is very nearly as much; I give

eighteen francs a-week for mine. The senators can converse with no strangers during the time of their magistracy, which lasts two years. The number of servants is regulated, and almost every lady has the same, which is two footmen, a gentleman-usher, and a page, who follow her chair.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Geneva, Oct. 12, 1741.

I ARRIVED here last night, where I find every thing quite different from what it was represented to me: it is not the first time it has so happened to me on my travels. Every thing is as dear as it is at London. 'Tis true, as all equipages are forbidden, that expence is entirely retrenched. I have been visited this morning by some of the chiefs of the town, who seem extremely good sort of people, which is their general character; very desirous of attracting strangers to inhabit with them, and consequently very officious in all they imagine can please them. The way of living is absolutely the reverse of that in Italy. Here is no show, and a great deal of eating; there is

all the magnificence imaginable, and no dinners but on particular occasions; yet the difference of the prices renders the total expence very nearly equal. As I am not yet determined whether I shall make any considerable stay, I desire not to have the money you intended me, till I ask for it. If you have any curiosity for the present condition of any of the states of Italy, I believe I can give you a truer account than perhaps any other traveller can do, having always had the good fortune of a sort of intimacy with the first persons in the governments where I resided, and they not guarding themselves against the observations of a woman, as they would have done from those of a man.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Geneva, Nov. 5, 1741, N. S.

I HAVE been here a month: I have wrote to you three times without hearing from you, and cannot help being uneasy at your silence. I think this air does not agree with my health. I have had a return of many complaints from which I had an entire cessation during my stay in Italy, which makes me incline to return thither, though a winter journey over the Alps is very disagreeable. The people here are very well to be liked, and this little republic has an air of the simplicity of old Rome in its earliest age. The magistrates toil with their own hands, and their wives literally dress their dinners against their return from their little senate. Yet without dress or

equipage 'tis as dear living here for a stranger, as in places where one is obliged to both, from the price of all sort of provision, which they are forced to buy from their neighbours, having almost no land of their own. I am very impatient to hear from you. Here are many reports concerning the English affairs, which I am sometimes splenetic enough to give credit to.

THE TAYLOR INSTITUTION ... [library stamp]

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Chamberry, Nov. 30, 1741, N. S.

I RECEIVED this morning yours of October 26, which has taken me out of the uneasiness of fearing for your health. I suppose you know before this, the Spaniards are landed at different ports in Italy, &c. When I received early information of the design, I had the charity to mention it to the English Consul (without naming my informer); he laughed, and answered it was impossible. This may serve for a small specimen of the general good intelligence our wise ministry have of all foreign affairs. If you were acquainted with the people whom they employ, you would not be surprised at it. Except Mr. Villette at Turin (who is a very reasonable man), there is not one of

them who knows any thing more of the country they inhabit, than that they eat and sleep in it. I have wrote you word that I left Geneva on the sharpness of the air, which much disagreed with me. I find myself better here, though the weather is very cold at present. Yet this situation is not subject to those terrible winds which reign at Geneva. I dare write you no news, though I hear a great deal. Direct to me at Chamberry *en Sávoye, par Paris.*

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Chamberry, Dec. 22, 1741.

I HAVE not heard from you since I came to this place; but I think it very possible the letters may have miscarried: at this crisis all are suspected and opened, and consequently often lost. I send this by way of Geneva, and desire you would direct thither for me, recommended to monsieur Guillaume Boisier.

The company here is very good and sociable; and I have reason to believe the air is the best in the world, if I am to form a judgment of it from the health and long life of the inhabitants. I have half a dozen friends, male and female, who are all of them near or past fourscore, who look and go about as if they were but forty. The provisions of all

sorts are extremely good, and the wine is, I think, the most agreeable I ever tasted; and though the ground is now covered with snow, I know nobody troubled with colds, and I observe very few chronical distempers. The greatest inconvenience of the country is the few tolerable rides that are to be picked out, the roads being all mountainous and stony; however, I have got a little horse, and sometimes ramble about after the manner of the duchess of Cleveland, which is the only fashion of riding here.

I am very impatient to hear from you, and hope your business does not injure your health.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Chamberry, Jan. 25, 1741.

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours of Nov. 25 yesterday, and am very glad to find by it that you are arrived in London in good health. I heartily wish you the continuance of it. My deafness lasted only a fortnight, though it frighted me very much. I have had no return of it since. Your advice to Mr. M. was certainly right, but I am not surprised he did not follow it. I believe there are few men in the world (I never knew any) capable of such a strength of resolution as yourself. I have answered your letter from Vienna, but as you do not mention having received mine, perhaps it is lost. I shall add a word or two more concerning the use of Turkish

wheat. It is generally declaimed against by all the doctors; and some of them have wrote treatises to shew the ill consequences of it, in which they say, that since it has been sown (which is not above 100 years) it may be proved from the registers that the mortality is greater amongst the country people than it was formerly. I believe that may be true in regard to children, who are apt to eat greedily, it being very heavy of digestion; but to those whose stomachs can bear it, and eat it with moderation, I am persuaded it is a clean strengthening diet. I have made strict observations and enquiries on the health and manner of life of the countries in which I have resided, and have found little difference in the length of life. It is true, gout, stone, and small-pox (so frequent with us), are little known here: in recompence, pleurisies, peripneumonies, and fevers (especially malignant), are far more

usual: and I am clearly of opinion that, if an exact computation were made, as many die in Brescia as in London, in proportion to the different numbers. I have not heard from my daughter for a long time; which may be occasioned by the bad weather. I hope both you and she, are well. I have wrote to her many long letters.

TO MR. WORTLEY.

Avignon, June 1, 1743.

I HOPE you will take care not to return to London, while it is in this unhealthy state. We are now very clear in these parts. Mrs. Bosville is gone to Turin, where they intend to reside; she had the good fortune to meet an English man-of-war on the coast, without which she would have found the passage very difficult. She had so much her journey at heart, that she undertook to ride over the mountains from Nissa to Savona, but I believe (notwithstanding her youth and spirit) would have found the execution impossible. She has chosen the most agreeable court in Europe, where the English are extremely caressed.

But it is necessary to be young and gay for such projects. All mine terminate in quiet; and if I can end my days without great pain, it is the utmost of my ambition. All the English without distinction see the duke of Ormond[1]: lord Chesterfield (who you know is related to him) lay at his house during his stay in this town; and to say truth, nobody can be more insignificant. He keeps an assembly where all the best company go twice in the week: I have been there sometimes, nor is it possible to avoid it while I stay here; I came hither not knowing where else to be secure, there being, at that time, strong appearances of an approaching rupture with France, and all Italy being in a flame. The duke lives here in great magnificence, is quite inoffensive, seems to have for-

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[1] He was attainted in 1716.

" however, a bustle at this time may serve to facilitate our projects, and we intend to attempt a descent; at least it will cause the troops to be recalled, and perhaps admiral Mathews will be obliged to leave the passage open for Don Philip." You may imagine how much I wished to give immediate notice of this; but as all letters are opened at Paris, it would have been to no purpose to write it by the post, and have only gained me a powerful enemy in the court of France, he being so much a favourite of the king's, that he is supposed to stand candidate for the ministry. In my letter to sir Robert Walpole from Venice, I offered my service, and desired to know in what manner I could send intelligence, if any thing happened to my knowledge that could be of use to England. I believe he imagined that I wanted some gratification, and only sent me cold thanks. I have wrote to you by the post an ac-

count of my servant's leaving me. As that is only a domestic affair, I suppose the letter may be suffered to pass. I have had no letter from him, and am very sure he is in the wrong, whenever he does not follow your direction, who, apart from other considerations, have a stronger judgment than any of his advisers.

END OF VOLUME III.

Thomas Davison, White-friars.